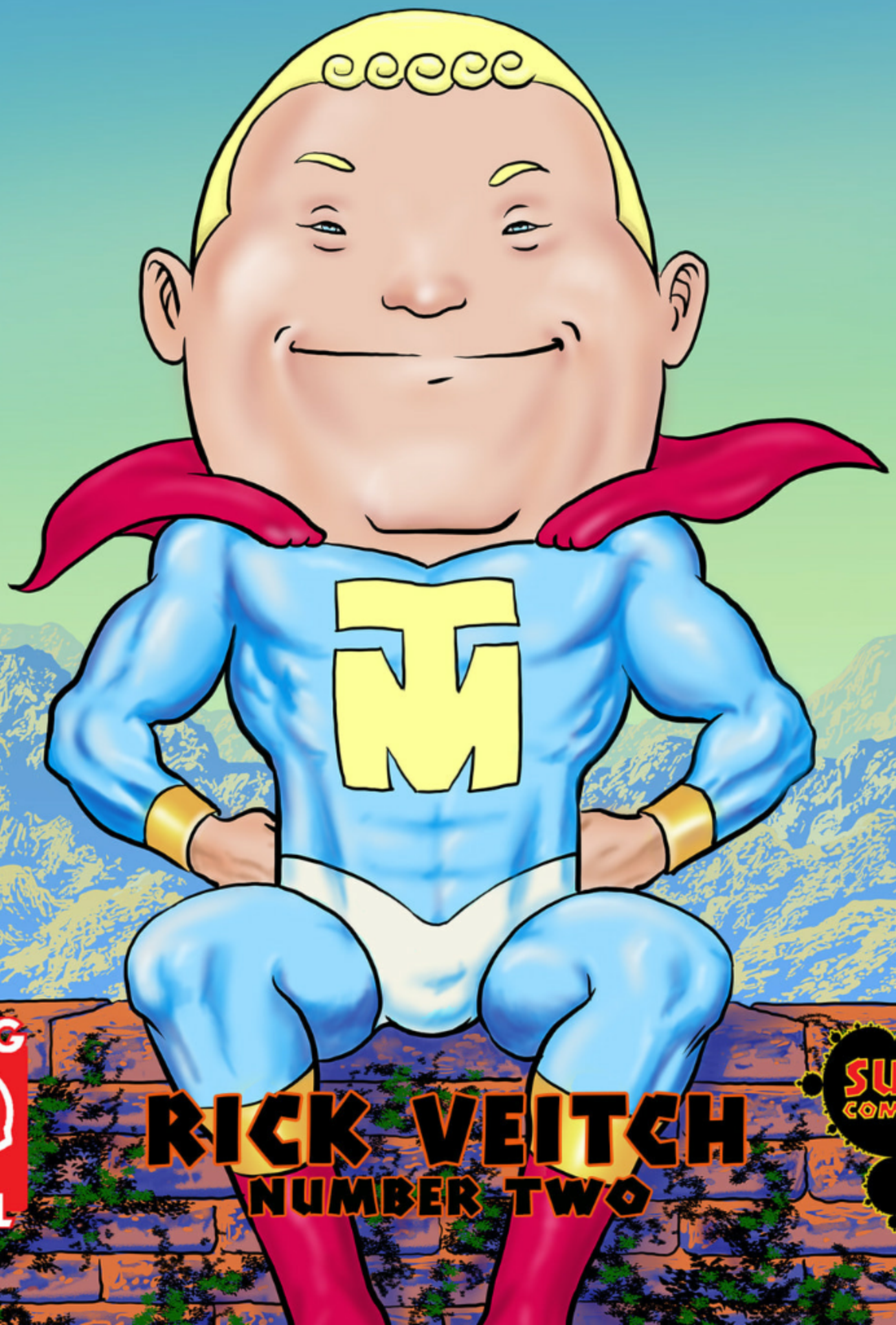
TRUE-MAN

THE MAXIMORTAL



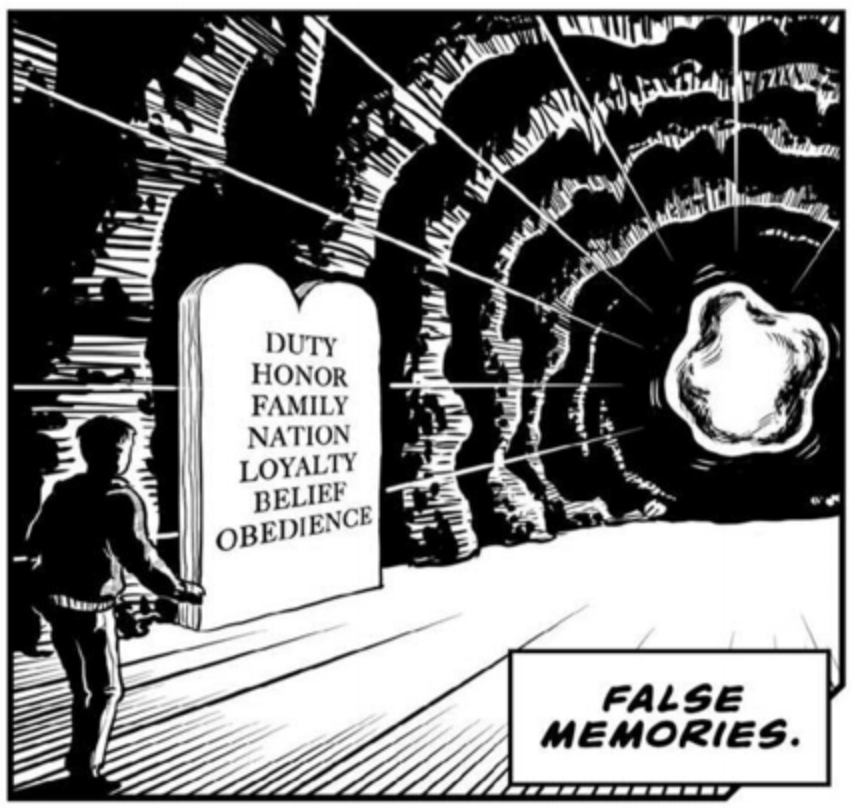
KING HELL

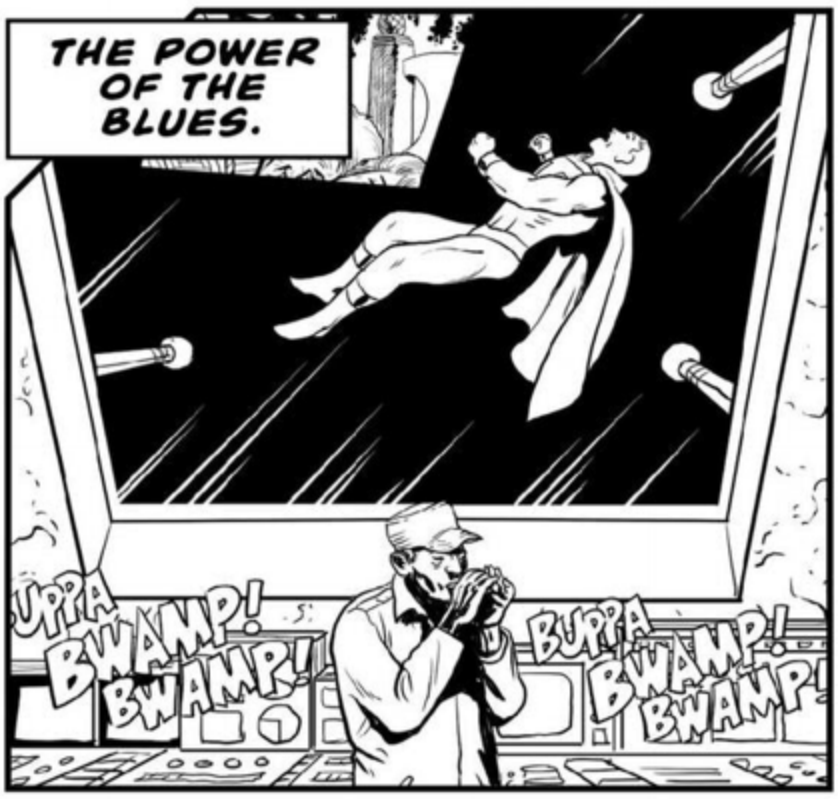
RICK VEITCH

NUMBER TWO

SUN COMICS

PREVIOUSLY IN TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL





TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL
Part Two

Continuing Volume 3 of
The King Hell Heroica

by Rick Veitch

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KLANK KLANK KLANK KLANK KLANK KLANK KLANK

LISTEN UP!

VISITING PRIVILEGES FOR PRISONER *STEVEN CLAY WILLIAMS*, COMMENCE AT 0800 HOURS.

ATTICA, NEW YORK
APRIL 17, 1971

LET ME REMIND YOU THAT THIS PRISONER IS A *DANGEROUS CRIMINAL*, HAVING BEEN FOUND *GUILTY* BY A JURY OF HIS PEERS FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A CHILD.

A CRIME FOR WHICH HE WILL REMAIN INCARCERATED FOR THE *REST* OF HIS PATHETIC LIFE.

FIRST VISITOR, *SHELDON GILBERT*.

UHH, YEAH. THAT'S ME.

DOWNWIND, BEATNIK! YOU STINK LIKE YOU AIN'T HAD A BATH SINCE THEY INVENTED BASEBALL.

ACTUALLY I SHOWERED THIS MORNING, OFFICER. I'M FASTIDIOUS ABOUT MY HYGIENE.

THEN MAYBE IT'S DRUGS I'M SMELLIN'.

MAYBE I OUGHTA THROW YOU IN A HOLDING PEN AND DO A STRIP SEARCH! I BET YOU'D LIKE THAT.

EASY MAN, I'M NOT HERE TO MAKE TROUBLE. JUST TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY FRIEND.

I GOT MY EYE ON YOU, BEATNIK. ONE SLIPPERY MOVE AND YOU'LL BE JOININ' YER BUDDY IN HERE.

YOU GOT TEN MINUTES.

OKAY! OKAY! JEEZ.

HEY, S.CLAY. MAN, ARE ALL THE GUARDS IN HERE PSYCHO?

THAT GUY'S THE WORST OF THEM. TOTAL FASCIST. WE CALL HIM JUDGE JURY.

SO WHAT'S THE NEWS? WERE YOU ABLE TO RAISE THE MONEY FOR A REAL LAWYER?

THE SUPREME COURT JUST PUT ALL THE HEAD SHOPS OUT OF BUSINESS WITH THEIR OBSCENITY RULING.

WE'RE BROKE.

FUCK! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, SHELDON. BETWEEN THE GUARDS AND THE BROTHERS, THIS PLACE IS READY TO EXPLODE.

I WANT TO HELP, BUT THE THING IS, ME AND **SUNSHINE** HAVE BEEN OFFERED A PLACE IN **AMSTERDAM.**

NIXON'S GOT THE WHOLE COUNTRY **GOOSE STEPPING** BEHIND THE **WAR.** IT'S JUST NOT **SAFE** FOR US **COUNTERCULTURE** TYPES ANYMORE.

I CAN'T **BLAME** YOU, SHELDON. THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS TO PICK UP A **GUN.**

HOW ABOUT **FREDO?**

WHAT I HEARD IS HE CAME OUT OF THE **COMA** AND HE'S LIKE A **NORMAL KID** AGAIN. BUT REALLY **SMART.**

SO BY TRYING TO **KILL** MY KID, I **SAVED** HIM FROM BEING **POSSESSED** BY THAT FUCKING **BRUJO.**

I WISH WE'D **NEVER** TAKEN THAT **TRIP** TO NEW MEXICO, **SHELDON.**

KEEP AN **EYE OUT** FOR THE LITTLE BASTARD, WILL YOU? DON'T LET **RUBY** PULL ANY MORE OF HER **WITCHY SHIT** ON HIM!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, **S.CLAY.**

BUT **RUBY'S** OUT IN THE WAITING ROOM. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A **LAWYER** TOO.

YOU SHOULD TRY TO REMAIN **INVOLVED,** Y'KNOW? EVEN IN HERE.

SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT ALL THE YEARS I **WASTED** DOING DRUGS AND DRAWING COMIX. I **SHOULDA** BEEN OUT ON THE STREETS FIGHTING FOR BASIC **HUMAN DIGNITY.**

I BEEN **READING** A LOT, Y'KNOW? **MALCOLM X. ELDRIDGE CLEAVER. NIETZSCHE.**

THERE'S A **WAR** COMIN', BROTHER. I JUST WISH I WAS FREE TO JOIN THE STRUGGLE.

TIME'S UP, BEATNIK! GET YOUR UNWIPED ASS OFF THAT SEAT AND DOWN THE HALL!

NOW, PUKE!

AOOOWTCH!

VAMOOSE, BEATNIK! IF I EVER CATCH YOU IN A DARK ALLEY, I'LL GUT AND STUFF YA!

FUCK YOU, PIG!

NEXT VISITOR; RUBY FLORES. THE PRISONER'S LITTLE CHIQUITA. I TAKE IT.

I BET HE USED TO MAKE YOU SUCK HIS PINI. DIDN'T HE? YOU MISS IT?

WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LITTLE DETOUR BY THE BROOM CLOSET?

OR MAYBE I SHOULD JUST CHECK ON YOUR IMMIGRATION STATUS?

I HAVE SOMETHING MUCH BETTER TO OFFER.

A MEMORY.

ONE THAT WILL STAY WITH YOU.

FOREVER.

W-WE ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU'D COME BACK,

WE SHRIED TO KEEP EVERYSHING IN ORDER.

FREDO!

AND TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS.

WAIT! IS THAT...?

IS THAT..?

ME?

YOU'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE *PENTAGON!*

FREEEEDOOOOO?!

KANGANGANGAN...

DON'T LET ME BURN!

NO! NO! NO!

HEY, COLLEGE BOY. HOW THEY TREAT YOU IN HERE?

LIKE THE LOWEST FORM OF LIFE, RUBY. BUT I GUESS I DESERVE IT.

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. YOU, ME, FREDO -- WE ALL GOT CAUGHT IN EL GUANO'S SORCERY.

BUT I THINK THAT'S OVER NOW.

FREDO'S FREE OF HIM?

YES. I WATCH HIM SINCE HE CAME OUT OF THE COMA. I SEE NO TRACE OF THE BRUJO.

HE'S JUST A VERY SMART LITTLE BOY. AT THE HOSPITAL THEY TESTED HIS I.Q.

THEY GOT ALL EXCITED WHEN THEY SAW HIS SCORE. SO THEY HOOKED HIM UP WITH A SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR GIFTED CHILDREN.

IT'S PART OF SOME CORPORATE RESEARCH THING OFFERED BY PANACHE INDUSTRIES.

PANACHE IS A BIG ARMS MANUFACTURER, RUBY. THEY REAP BILLIONS WHILE INNOCENT CIVILIANS ARE BEING BOMBED.

PEOPLE IN HERE SAY THEY'RE RUNNING SECRET WEAPONS PROGRAMS FOR THE GOVERNMENT. I MEAN REALLY SCARY SHIT.

I CAN'T DO *NOTHING* ABOUT THAT, *COLLEGE BOY.* BUT I *CAN* HELP *FREDO.*

HE'LL BE TAKEN *CARE* OF IN THIS PROGRAM. RECEIVE AN *EDUCATION.* MAYBE HAVE A CHANCE TO BE A *NORMAL PERSON.*

I NEED A NEW LIFE TOO. *PANACHE* IS GOING TO GET ME MY CITIZENSHIP. AND A CONDO IN TAHOE.

BUT WE'D BE SELLING HIM OUT *AGAIN*, DON'T YOU *SEE?*

RUBY--NO MATTER *WHAT* CRAZY SHIT WENT DOWN, WE'RE STILL HIS *PARENTS* FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

AFTER WHAT *WE'VE* DONE?

WE DON'T *DESERVE* TO BE NOBODY'S PARENTS.

I'VE SIGNED THE PAPERS AND *YOU* SHOULD TOO. *PANACHE* CAN GET YOU *OUT* OF HERE.

SPRING ME? ARE YOU *SERIOUS?*

THEY CAN DO *ANYTHING.*

WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE *DEVIL,* YOU STILL GOTTA MAKE YOUR *BEST DEAL,* COLLEGE BOY.

BEANER WITCH!

WHAT DID YOU *DO* TO ME?

YOU HAVE SEEN *WHERE* AND *HOW* YOU SHALL *PERISH* FROM THIS WORLD.

SUCH KNOWLEDGE IS THE MOST *POTENT WEAPON* A *TRUE WARRIOR* CAN POSSESS.

WHAT KIND OF *MUMBO JUMBO* YOU SPOUTIN'?

SOMEDAY, *CHORO,* YOU WILL *THANK* ME.

SOMEDAY I'LL BE BURNING YOU AT THE *STAKE,* HARPY!

HEY! YOU LOOK LIKE A *SMART* GUY. ANSWER ME THIS.

WHY WOULD KNOWING HOW HE'S GOING TO *DIE* HELP A GUY IN A *FIGHT*?

WELL, IF ONE KNEW THE *CIRCUMSTANCES* OF THEIR DEATH THEN THEY COULD ENTER ANY *OTHER* SITUATION CONFIDENT IN THEIR *SURVIVAL.*

IN A WAY, THEY WOULD BE *INVINCIBLE.*

THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME, MR. WILLIAMS.

I REPRESENT THE ***PANACHE FOUNDATION*** WHICH WISHES TO ENROLL YOUR SON ***FREDO*** IN ITS GIFTED CHILDREN PROGRAM.

WHAT DO THEY GIFT THEM WITH? ***NAPALM?***

NO SIR. ONCE CUSTODY IS ASSIGNED, ***PANACHE*** WILL PROVIDE FOR ***FREDO'S*** HOUSING, MEDICAL CARE AND EDUCATION UNTIL HE REACHES THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

AND AFTER THAT HE BECOMES SOME ***CIA ASSET*** OPPRESSING THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES?

MR. WILLIAMS, YOUR SON SCORED ***EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH*** ON A BATTERY OF INTELLIGENCE TESTS. ***PANACHE*** INTENDS TO SEE THAT ***FREDO*** HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO REALIZE HIS FULL POTENTIAL.

IF YOU ***REFUSE*** TO COOPERATE WE FEEL CONFIDENT THAT, BASED ON THE FACT YOU ATTEMPTED TO ***MURDER*** THE BOY, THE COURTS WILL ASSIGN ***CUSTODY*** TO US.

YOU SUCK!

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU AGREE TO SIGN OVER CUSTODY ***TODAY,*** YOU WILL RECEIVE ***FULL CLEMENCY*** FOR YOUR CRIMES AND BE A ***FREE MAN*** TOMORROW.

BECAUSE OUR ***CORPORATE OVERLORDS*** CAN JUST ***DO*** THAT.

WHAT A WORLD.

TELL YA ***WHAT.*** I WALK OUTTA HERE WITH ***FIVE GRAND*** IN MY POCKET AND A ***NEW HARLEY*** WAITIN AT THE GATE.

THEN YOU GOT A DEAL.

SLUMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
DECEMBER 12, 1971

STANLEY! THANK GOD YOU MADE IT IN!

THE FANTASTIX IS DUE AT THE ENGRAVER AND I JUST GOT THE LETTERED PAGES BACK BUT...

NO TIME FOR TRIVIALS TODAY, MORT. I'VE GOT A BIG FISH IN THE SKILLET READY TO SIZZLE!

BUT JACK'S SCRIPT NOTES WERE REALLY WEIRD THIS ISSUE.

CURTIS GARGLED ONE TOO MANY GRENADES DURING THE WAR.

HAVE PRODUCTION FIX IT. THEY KNOW HOW MANLY STANLEY BURR IS SUPPOSED TO SOUND.

BUT IT'S NOT THE USUAL WAY JACK WRITES DIALOGUE FOR YOU.

OKAY, OKAY. LEAVE IT THERE ON THE DESK. I'LL TRY TO GET TO IT AS SOON AS I CAN.

RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TOM WOLFEN ON THE WAY TO INTERVIEW ME FOR VANITY FAIR.

HE'S GOT *TWO BOOKS* ON THE *BESTSELLER LIST* AND NOW HE'S DOING A SERIES ON THE NEW *YOUTH CULTURE.*

SO, *OF COURSE,* HE WANTS TO TALK TO EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED *ME!*

HE'LL BE HERE ANY *SECOND.* SO *AMSCRAY,* CAPEESH?

OKAY, BOSS. IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO LOOK AT THESE *SOONER* RATHER THAN *LATER.*

STANLEY, *MISTER WOLFEN* IS COMING UP THE ELEVATOR.

STALL HIM, WILL YA'?

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE I REALLY *WRITE* IN HERE.

HOW DO I FEED THE *PAPER* INTO THIS DAMN THING?

THAT'S RIGHT, *JACK.* DRAW IT EXACTLY AS I *DETAILED* IT IN MY *PANEL DESCRIPTIONS.*

I'VE GOT THE NEXT TWO SCRIPTS *TYPED UP* AND EVERYTHING PLOTTED OUT *SIX MONTHS* AHEAD, SO WE'RE GOLDEN.

GOT TO LET YOU *GO,* KIMOSABE. *DUTY* CALLS!

TRIPPIN' TOM WOLFEN! WELCOME TO MY *SANCTUM SANCTORUM.*

THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME, STANLEY. I'VE JUST COME FROM *L.A.* AND *EVERYONE* SEEMS TO BE READING YOUR COMICS!

TWENTY BOOKS A MONTH! I DON'T KNOW *HOW* YOU MANAGE IT.

AND EACH ONE A *HALLUCINATORY MARVEL.* YOU'VE CAUGHT THE POP CULT *ZEITGEIST* IN A WAY NO ONE ELSE HAS SINCE *TRUE-MAN* FIRST HIT IN *'37.*

I WANT TO GIVE VANITY FAIR READERS A *FEEL* FOR WHAT THAT KIND OF *CREATIVE TSUNAMI* LOOKS LIKE FROM THE *INSIDE.*

I ALSO WANT TO EXPLORE HOW THE *ARTISTS* ADD *DEPTH* AND *POWER* TO THE STORIES.

JACK CURTIS, WHO DOES THE *FANTASTIX,* IS CONTINUALLY TRANSCENDENT.

HE'S REALLY TAPPING INTO SOMETHING *PRIMAL.*

ZAP! BAM! POW! THAT'S THE *DEMON COMICS* MAGIC COMIN' AT YA!

WITH CURTIS, IT'S *PHYSICAL.* BUT HE'S ALSO OFFERING US THE *DIVINE!* EVERY PAGE IS A *NIAGARA* OF LIGHT AND ENERGY *GUSHING* OUT OF PARADISE.

HE'S THE *HANDS,* BABY. *I'M* THE MIND!

IS EVERYTHING *ALL RIGHT* WITH YOU TWO?

SUCK MY DICK, STANLEY!

I'M THROUGH GHOSTING FOR

SUCK MY STAN

I ASK BECAUSE SOME OF THIS *DIALOGUE* READS A LITTLE *STRANGE.*

I'M THROUG GHOSTING FOR YOUR WEASELY ASS!

THE OTHER THING WE SHOULD DIG INTO IS THE *STORY* IN THIS MORNING'S *WALL STREET JOURNAL.*

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR UNCLE *SELLING* THE COMPANY TO *PANACHE?*

CONSIDERING THEIR VARIOUS *GOVERNMENT ENTANGLEMENTS?*

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SILLY COW!

STANLEY?

UNCLE MILTON! WAIT! WHAT'S GOING ON?

THEY'RE SAYING YOU'RE THINKING OF SELLING THE COMPANY?

IT'S A DONE DEAL, STANLEY. PANACHE MADE ME A VERY GENEROUS OFFER.

I...I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU AND AUNT MILDRED. BUT HOW ABOUT...?

WE PLAN TO MOVE DOWN TO BOCA FULL TIME. GOT MY EYE ON A SAILBOAT.

BEEN PULP MONGERING FOR FORTY YEARS. I'M READY TO START LIVING, STANLEY.

BUT...BUT WHAT ABOUT ME, UNCLE MILTON? I'VE GOT ALIMONY AND THE TWO MORTGAGES AND...

THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU IN MY OFFICE.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BEFORE YOU GO IN.

HEY! IT'S ME! MANLY STANLEY BURR!

THE GUY WHO KNOWS WHERE THE BODIES ARE BURIED AND THE KEYS TO THE WASHROOM STORED!

NOT TO MENTION THE CREATIVE GENIUS BEHIND THE WHOLE DEMON COMICS LINE WHICH I BELIEVE TURNED A NICE PROFIT LAST YEAR!

HELLO, STANLEY.

WHAT'S THAT MUSKRAT PELT YOU'RE WEARING ON YOUR HEAD?

SID. SO, SO, SO... YOU'RE IN CHARGE NOW?

THAT'S RIGHT.

THE VERY SAME GUY YOU USED TO CALL BALL-LESS WALLACE.

FUNNY HOW THINGS COME AROUND SOMETIMES IN THIS BUSINESS, AIN'T IT?

SID, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A GENIUS. A TRUE VISIONARY!

SITWELL HERE HAS BEEN GOING THROUGH THE BOOKS, STANLEY.

HE FOUND A NUMBER OF RED FLAGS.

WITH YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON THEM, STANLEY.

IT APPEARS YOU GAMED THE VOUCHER SYSTEM AND HAVE BEEN DOUBLE-DIPPING FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW.

THAT'S EMBEZZLEMENT, STANLEY. YOU COULD GET TEN YEARS IN THE PEN FOR THAT, EASY.

OH GOD. NOT THAT. PLEASE, SID. I'LL DO ANYTHING.

WHICH IS EXACTLY THE KIND OF PERSON I NEED RUNNING DEMON COMICS FOR ME. A FIGUREHEAD WHO WILL DO ANYTHING I TELL HIM.

A SNIVELING, BOOTLICKING, ASS KISSING TOOL. YOU UP FOR THE JOB?

I'M YOUR MAN, SID!

ONE OTHER THING. I'M BRINGING JACK CURTIS OVER TO COSMO. I NEED HIM TO REVAMP THE TRUE-MAN CHARACTER.

BUT HE'S MY LINCHPIN, SID. WITHOUT JACK I'M NOT SURE I CAN CONJURE THAT DAZZLING DEMON MAGIC!

YOU'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN'. RIGHT NOW, HIS COUNTRY NEEDS HIM.

SLUMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
JUNE 24, 1972

THANK YOU FOR THE LOVELY EVENING, *PRESTON.*

HAVING *YOU* ON MY ARM TURNED EVERY *OTHER* MAN IN THE THEATER *GREEN* WITH ENVY, *SELENA.*

SHOULD I CALL DOWN FOR SOMETHING TO NOSH ON, SIR?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, *STEVEN.* WE COULD GO FOR A *NIGHTCAP,* THOUGH. TWO *WHITE RUSSIANS?*

WOWIE ZOWIE! IT'S *PETER!* I HAVEN'T SEEN *YOU* SINCE THE *ECLIPSE* IN *PERU* LAST SUMMER.

OH, UHH... HEY.

I *LOVE* THE LONG HAIR!

SO YOU LIKE *COMICS,* HUH? WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE SUPERHERO?

I DUNNO. *TRUE-MAN,* I GUESS.

I *USED* TO LIKE THE *FANTASTIX*. BUT THE *GOOD ARTIST* LEFT TO DO *TRUE-MAN* OVER AT *COSMO*.

WE'LL TAKE THESE UP TO THE *JUNGLE ROOM*, STEVEN. CAN YOU MAKE SURE *PETER* IS *SECURE* FOR THE NIGHT?

I'LL SEE TO IT, SIR.

MASTER PETER, DID YOU KNOW *THE SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINBAD* WAS ON *NBC* THIS EVENING?

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT AGAIN, HUH?

I *KNOW* THE DRILL.

HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD ABOUT MY *MOTHER*?

YOUR FATHER HAS HIS *BEST* INVESTIGATORS TRYING TO LOCATE HER.

BUT APPARENTLY THE TRAIL WENT COLD IN *MARRAKESH*.

PERHAPS A BOWL OF *HOT BUTTERED POPCORN* WOULD HIT THE SPOT?

NO THANKS. I'M JUST GONNA LOOK AT *COMICS*. G'NIGHT.

SLEEP *WELL*, YOUNG MASTER.

KLIK!

HAHA
HAHA
HAHA!

OOH,
MY WIDDLE
BABY WANNA
SUCKLE?

SELENA, YOU HAVE THE MOST SCRUMPTIOUS TITS! I COULD JUST EAT THEM UP!
WELL DON'T STOP THERE, PRESTON HONEY!

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! I WANT TO DO IT LIKE WE DID THE OTHER TIME!
WITH THE MASKS AND CAPES!
SUPER HEROES?

YEAH! AND THE ROCKET CAR!

THE NIGHT BELONGS TO *CAPTAIN OUTRAGEOUS!*

FIRST HE MUST WREST IT FROM *MOON MISTRESS!*

OH NO! IT'S A *STRANGE VISITOR* FROM *ANOTHER PLANET!*

WITH *PROWESS* AND *ABILITIES* FAR *BEYOND* MORTAL MEN!

I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A *LOCOMOTIVE,* BABY!

YES. *YES!* CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY *MIGHTY RIVER,* OH CAPTAIN!

THIS ONE'S FOR *TRUTH!*

THIS ONE'S FOR *JUSTICE!*

AND *THIS* ONE IS FOR THE *AMERRRICAN...*

PRESTON?

HONEY?

WE'RE NOT *ALONE.*

YOU SNEAKY LITTLE SHIT!

ALWAYS CREEPING AROUND LIKE SOME *PERVERT PEEPING TOM!*

DON'T HIT ME! DON'T HIT ME!

I'M GONNA DO WHAT I SHOULDA DONE YEARS AGO!

WHICH IS WHIP YOUR ASS RAW!

PRESTON, *DON'T.* HE'S JUST A *KID!*

I'M *NOT* A BABY ANYMORE! I'M *FIFTEEN YEARS OLD!*

I NEED TO *LEARN* STUFF IF I'M GONNA *TAKE OVER* FROM *YOU!*

NOW *THAT* IS ACTUALLY A *DAMN GOOD POINT.*

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?.

I THINK THE TIME HAS COME, YOUNG FELLOW MY SON, TO TAKE YOU ON A LITTLE *NIGHT RIDE.*

THE FLIGHT SUIT HAS AUTOMATIC PRESSURIZING.

WE'RE GONNA BE PULLING SOME *G'S* IN THE *ROCKET SLED.*

YOU'LL NEED A *MASK* OF COURSE.

YOU'RE GOING TO *LOVE* THIS, KIDDO.

ALL SYSTEMS GO!

IGNITION!

PANACHE

THAT'S NINE THOUSAND POUNDS OF THRUST RIGHT UP THE HEINIE!

PUNCH IN THE AFTERBURNERS!

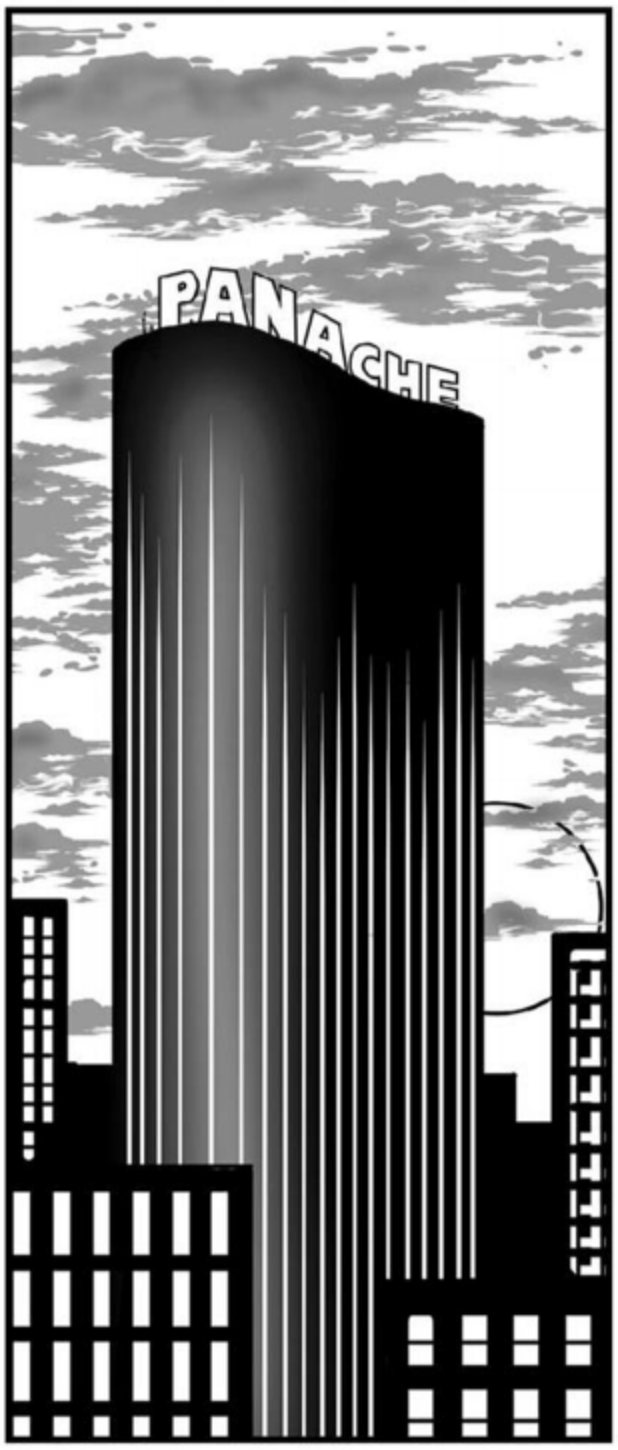
WHOOOAA!

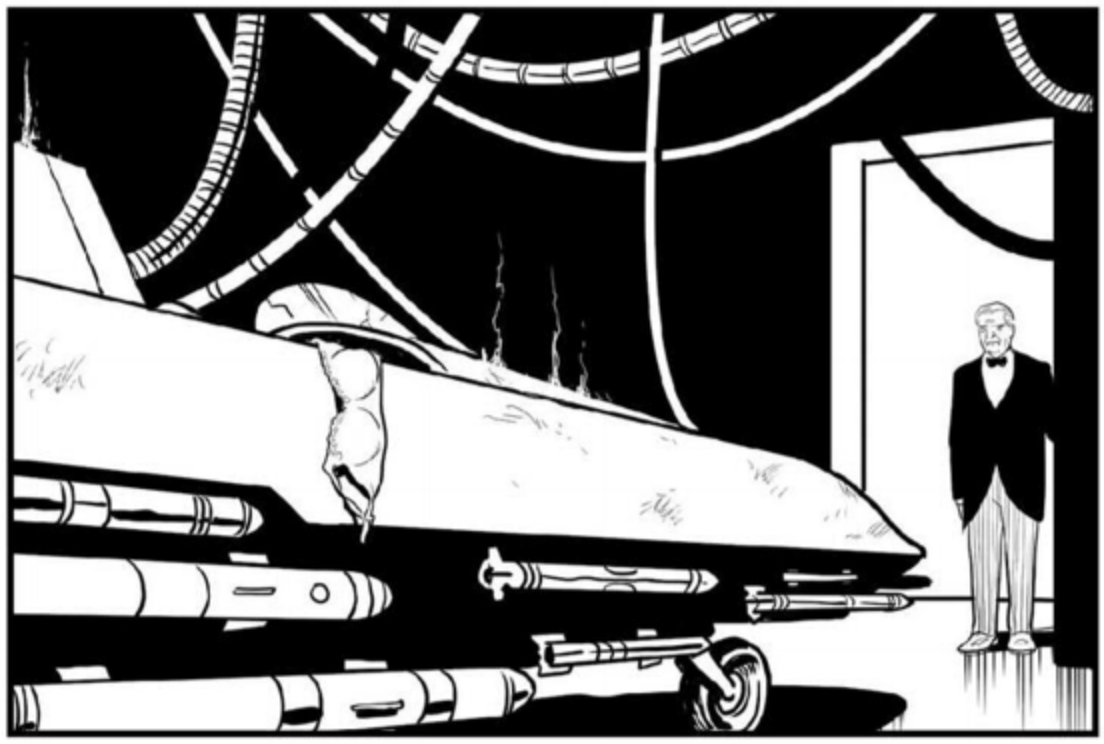
WHEEEE!

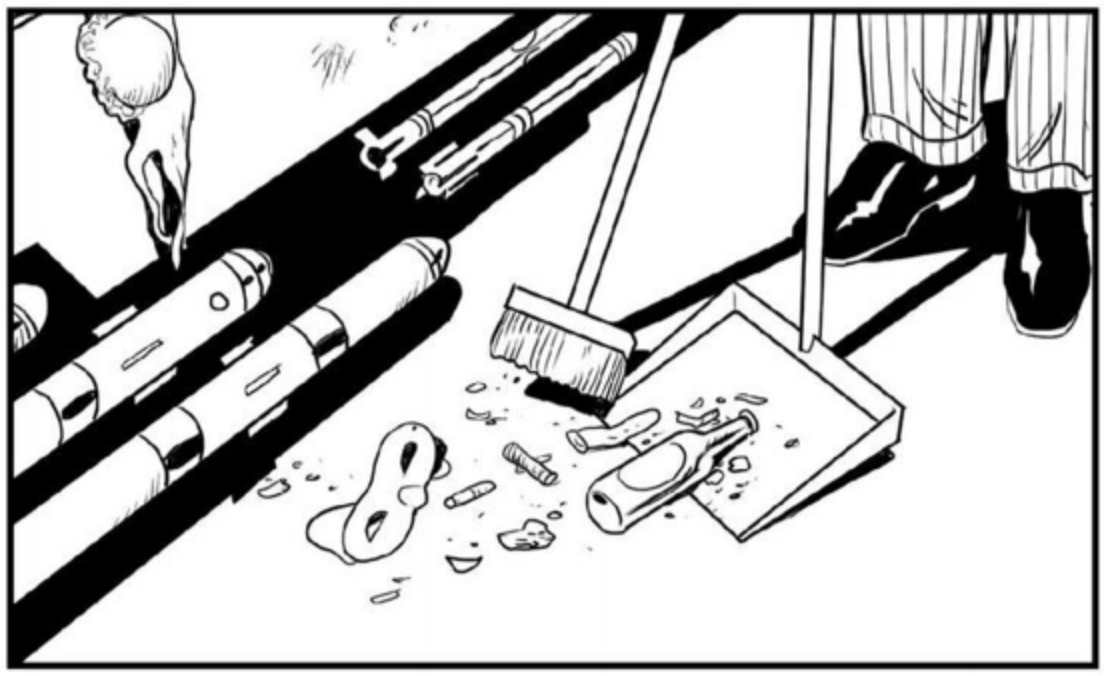
AND TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT!

ONE MORE TIME!

YAAAAGH!


PANACHE





AHH. YOUNG MASTER.

THERE ARE *THINGS* I WISH I COULD *SAY* TO YOU.
THINGS YOU *NEED* TO HEAR.

BUT SUCH WILL HAVE TO WAIT.
UNTIL YOU ARE A MAN.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
NOVEMBER 22, 1972

BOP SHE BOP SHE BOP BOP BOP BOP SHE BOP SHE BOP BOP BOP

Sands
LA PLACE IN THE SUN
COPA ROOM
WAYNE NEWTON
BO DIDDLEY
THE JIVE SISTERS
SONNY KING
HOTEL
ENTRANCE

BOP SHE BOP SHE BOP BOP BOP

HEY BO. A BIG CRACKER OVER BY THE SLOTS ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS NOTE.

SHIT. DID HE LOOK LIKE A COP?

MUKURU

HEARD YOUR *BEAT.* RECOGNIZED *CALL* TO *MUKURU.*

HEY, I'M JUST UP THERE SPREADIN' THE *LOVE,* YOU KNOW?

WHAT'S A *PALE FACE* LIKE *YOU* GOT TO DO WITH *MUKURU?*

MUKURU IS *SPIRIT* THAT LIVES US *ALL.*

HANG ON NOW. *I RECOGNIZE YOU!*

SHIT YEAH! YOU'RE *WINZAR* THE *ROYAL APE,* RIGHT?

BORN TO HOUSE OF *WINDSOR.* PARENTS TRAVELED TO AFRICA. GOT STONED. *FORGOT* ME THERE.

FAMILY OF *APES* BROUGHT ME TO *WUZUPI PEOPLE.*

WUZUPI DRUMS CALL DOWN *MUKURU,* SOURCE OF *ALL THAT IS.*

THE *GREAT TRUTH.* HANDED DOWN FROM THOSE WHO SURVIVED THE *MIDDLE PASSAGE* TO LIVE UNDER THE *YOKE.*

IT'S IN OUR *MUSIC.* AND I KINDA *FEEL* IT IN *YOU,* BOO.

SO TELL ME. WHAT YOU REALLY *AFTER* HERE?

MUKURU SENT *PIECE* OF SELF TO LIVE AMONG US. HAS FALLEN INTO HANDS OF AMERICAN MILITARY.

THEY WOULD FORGE *MUKURU* INTO A *WEAPON.*

I KNOW A *VODÚN PRINCESS* WHO'S GOT THE *GIFT.* SHE BEEN SEEIN' THE *SAME* THING.

MUKURU'S IN TROUBLE. PEOPLE ARE WORRIED. PEOPLE ARE TALKIN'.

IF I COULD POINT YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, ARE YOU IN A POSITION TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE SITUATION?

AM ALLIED WITH A SMALL INTERNATIONAL TEAM DEDICATED TO FREEING MUKURU.

NEED LOCATION.

JUST SO HAPPENS I GOT A COUSIN. USED TO PLAY BLUES HARP WITH US.

HE LEFT TO WORK JANITORIAL AT SOME SECRET UNDERGROUND FACILITY THEY GOT OUT IN THE DESERT.

NAME'S BROWNIE. HE RUNS A LITTLE SMUGGLING OPERATION. WE BRING HIM REEFER NOW AND THEN.

IT'S RIGHT HERE OUTSIDE DESERT ROCK. WE MEET HIM AT ONE OF THE VENTILATION SHAFTS.

HE TOLD US THEY HAD MUKURU DOWN THERE.

AND THEY'RE DOING SOME PRETTY SICK SHIT TO HIM.

YOU HAVE DONE GREAT SERVICE TO ALL WHO LIVE BY GIVING ME THIS INFORMATION.

I WILL USE IT TO FREE MUKURU. AND IF ANYONE SHOULD STAND AGAINST ME...

MY KNIFE WILL FIND THEIR HEART.

I BET IT WILL, BROTHER. GIVE 'EM HELL.

PAYDIRT, *WAND*. HAVE *LOCATION* OF SECRET BASE.

WHERE THEY KEEP THE *CREATURE*? THAT'S *FANTASTIC*!

I'VE EXPLAINED. IS MUCH *MORE* THAN SIMPLE "CREATURE." IS SOURCE OF ALL LIFE.

APOLOGIES, M'LORD. I'M JUST OVERJOYED WE CAN STOP CHASING AROUND AND GET TO *BUSINESS*.

DESERT ROCK IS ADJACENT TO THE MISSILE RANGE JUST NORTH OF HERE.

HE DESCRIBED *UNDERGROUND CITY* WITH SERIES OF *VENTILATION SHAFTS* THEY USE TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND THROUGH.

JUST THE KIND OF MISSION *GRETA* AND I *EXCEL* AT.

YOU TWO PROVIDE *SECURITY* WHILE *EVA* AND I GO IN *FIRST*. SHE CAN *TALK* TO *MUKURU*.

IS *SURE* THAT HE'LL *TRUST* HER.

MAKES *SENSE*. AFTER ALL, THEY WERE *LOVERS*.

I IMAGINE SHE'S QUITE THE *WILDCAT* BETWEEN THE SHEETS.

EVA *NOT* TO BE HARMED IN ANY WAY, *WAND*.

PHYSICALLY OR *EMOTIONALLY*.

SHE IS *YOUNG.* IN MANY WAYS *IGNORANT* OF *MEN* AND THEIR *WILES.*

IF ANYONE WERE TO TAKE *ADVANTAGE* OF THAT...

YOUR *KNIFE* WILL FIND THEIR *HEART.*

OR THEIR *THROAT.*

YOU'VE MENTIONED *BOTH* SCENARIOS.

QUITE A *FEW* TIMES ACTUALLY.

SNIK!

WHAT THE HELL?

SNAP!

SNAP!

BUILT-IN *RESTRAINTS,* M'LORD.

THE BOFFINS *LOVE* TO *KIT* THESE CARS OUT.

AND FRANKLY, WE AGENTS IN THE FIELD LOVE IT WHEN THEY DO.

CLIK!

PLATES

OIL

IMMOBILIZE

EJECT

RESTRAIN

RADAR

SMOKE

ALL WE HAVE TO KNOW IS WHICH *BUTTONS* TO PUSH.

THIS ONE INJECTS THE VICTIM WITH A SLOW-ACTING *POISON* FOR WHICH THERE IS NO KNOWN *ANTIDOTE.*

CHUK!

WAND, YOU *SNAKE!*

YOU'LL *PAY* FOR THIS, *WAND!* THE *QUEEN* IS MY *COUSIN!*

ACTUALLY, M'LORD, WHEN THE *QUESTION* ABOUT WHAT TO *DO* WITH YOU CAME UP, IT WAS *HER MAJESTY* WHO *MADE THE CALL.*

THE *STAKES* OF THE GAME ARE *TOO HIGH,* YOU SEE.

CLIK

THE *PRIZE* JUST *TOO BIG.*

FROOOSH!!

THERE'S *ALSO* YOUR *STATUS* IN THE *ROYAL FAMILY* TO CONSIDER.

I TAKE IT YOU'VE BEEN A BIT OF AN *EMBARRASSMENT,* M'LORD.

MOTEL
Yucca
CHAPEL OF THE FLOWERS
$33.00 SINGLE
SUN - THURS
NO VACANCY

AHH. YOU LADIES ARE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY THIS MORNING.
WE'RE SO SICK OF DICKIN' 'ROUND THIS DESERT WE AIN'T HAD A WINK IN EDGEWISE.
TELL US YOU *FOUND* SOMETHING. *ANYTHING.*

PERSISTENCE HAS PAID OFF. THEY'VE GOT OUR BOY IN AN *UNDERGROUND FACILITY* FORTY MILES NORTH OF HERE.
BRILLIANT, *JAMES!* THEN WE'RE ON TO THE *NEXT PHASE!*
WHAT ABOUT *WINZAR?*

HE'S GONE ON AHEAD TO RECONNOITER.
HE'LL FIND US WHEN WE GET THERE.
GRRRR.

WHAT *IS IT* WITH YOUR GOOD BOY, *EVE?* HE'S NEVER SEEMED TO *WARM* TO ME.
DON'T FRET ABOUT *BUDDY* HERE, *MR. WAND.*

HE'S JUST GOT A *NOSE* FOR *TROUBLE* IS ALL.

WITH THE *ROYAL APE* OUT OF THE PICTURE, WE CAN SHAPE THIS MISSION *OUR* WAY.

THE KEY FACTOR WILL BE SEIZING WHATEVER MEANS THE AMERICANS ARE USING TO *CONTROL* THE CREATURE.

I'LL ALERT *TEAM TWO* IN *SLUMBURG* THAT WE ARE A *GO*.

I WONDER WHAT WOULD *KARL MARX* THINK TO SEE THE *COMMUNIST PARTY* AND THE *BRITISH CROWN* ALLIED AGAINST THE *AMERICANS* IN THIS.

DOES IT *BOTHER* YOU TO BETRAY YOUR LONGTIME *ALLIES*?

NOTHING BOTHERS ME, *GRETA*.

EXCEPT PERHAPS MEETING MY *MATCH* IN THE INTELLIGENCE GAME.

AND THE *BOUDOIR*.

YOU HAVE BEEN THE *CHERRY* ON THE *CAKE* OF THIS ASSIGNMENT, JAMES.

WHEN ALL THIS IS *OVER*, WHY DON'T YOU COME FOR A *VISIT* AT MY COTTAGE IN *PETT BOTTOM*?

MEET MY *GOOD BOY*.

I'M GOING TO MAKE *YOU* MY GOOD BOY!

RAARRGH!

GRRR!

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO ***SNIFF OUT*** LYIN' SACKS OF SHIT LIKE ***YOU*** CAN, BUDDY...

GRRRR!

BUT EVEN ***I*** CAN TELL ***WAND'S*** LINE ABOUT ***WINZAR*** STINKS ***WORSE*** THAN A HOGFARM IN A HEATWAVE.

THING IS IF WE'RE GOING TO FREE ***BLONDIE*** FROM THE MILITARY WE'RE GOING TO NEED ***WINZAR.***

HE'S THE ONLY ONE WE CAN ***TRUST*** TO KEEP ***WAND*** AND ***GRETA*** ON THE UP AND UP.

YOU GO ***FIND*** WINZAR. MAKE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

WE'RE GETTIN' TO THE ***MEAT AND POTATOES*** OF THE HOEDOWN.

GO FER ***BROKE,*** BUDDY.

SNIF SNIFF

CITY STRAY

HUNGRY SICK

METAL SPOOR

EL Yucca

$33.00 SINGLE

SUN - THURS

VACANCY

CAME THIS WAY

OVER HERE

WELCOME

LAS VEGAS

CLOSER

CLOSER

?

BLOOD

BROKEN

POISON

DEAD SOON

NOT

NOT

WINZAR HAD BEEN GAZING INTO THE FACE OF MUKURU WHEN AN IRRESISTIBLE LOVE PULLED HIM BACK.

HE AWOKE WITH BROKEN BONES MENDED. WOUNDS HEALED. POISON PURGED.

A FINAL SELFLESS GIFT FROM A VERY SPECIAL CREATURE.

HE CARRIED THE LIFELESS BODY OUT INTO THE FOOTHILLS.

AND CONSIGNED ITS SOUL TO ALL THAT IS.

THEN, WITH THE POWER AND GLORY OF MUKURU SURGING THROUGH HIM, THE ROYAL APE CRIED VENGEANCE!

SLUMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
NOVEMBER 23, 1972

PANACHE

THANK YOU FOR COMING IN ON SUCH *SHORT NOTICE*, GENTLEMEN.

EAT THE RICH!

KILL THE PIGS!

WHO LET THOSE *HIPPIE PROTESTERS* THROUGH?

A *TRUMAN PROJECT* MEETING ON THANKSGIVING, *PRESTON?* IT BETTER BE *IMPORTANT.*

AND WHERE'S *BALL-LESS WALLACE?* CHANGING HIS *BAG?*

SINCE THAT LAST *SURGERY* THEY'RE CALLING HIM *GUTLESS NUTLESS.*

HAW HAW HAW!

WE HAVE AN *URGENT SITUATION* THAT LANDS *OUTSIDE* OF SID'S USUAL *MEDIA* PURVIEW.

SO I THOUGHT IT BEST TO *SPARE* US HIS *WIT* AND *WISDOM.*

INTEL HAS PICKED UP SOME VERY DISTURBING CHATTER BETWEEN THE SOVIETS AND OUR BRITISH COUSINS.

THE KGB AND MI6 HAVE JOINED FORCES IN RESPONSE TO OUR WORK WITH THE CREATURE.

WE BELIEVE IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY LOCATE OUR FACILITY.

THEN WE'RE VULNERABLE. WE'LL HAVE TO PUSH THE RELEASE DATE UP.

ONCE THEY SEE THE THING IN ACTION THEY'LL DANCE TO OUR TUNE.

HEY, DID SOMEBODY SPIKE THE COFFEE?

'CAUSE I THINK I'M HALLUCINATING.

HOLY TOLEDO!

RELAX. IT'S JUST ONE OF THE PARADE BALLOONS!

YEAH. MUST HAVE BROKEN LOOSE!

THE DAMN THING'S GOTTEN TANGLED IN YOUR SIGNAGE, PRESTON!

PANACHE

OF ALL THE BALLOONS THEY COULD HAVE LOST CONTROL OF, IT HAD TO BE TRUE-MAN!

THIS IS A *DISASTER!* WHAT HAPPENED, *STEVEN?*

OUTSIDE AGITATORS, SIR. THEY RUSHED OUR MEN HOLDING THE *LINES.*

I'VE ORDERED THE MAINTENANCE TEAM TO THE *ROOF* TO HAVE A *LOOK.*

EVERY *FILM CLIP* OF THIS THAT HITS THE NIGHTLY NEWS IS GOING TO UNDO *YEARS* OF VERY EXPENSIVE *PSYOPS!*

WE NEED IT DOWN *NOW! ALL HANDS ON DECK!!*

I'LL SEE TO IT *IMMEDIATELY,* SIR.

IN LIGHT OF THE RECENT *KIDNAPPING* OF THE *NEWSPAPER HEIRESS,* I SUGGEST WE KEEP YOUR *SECURITY DETAIL* IN PLACE, SIR.

NO, TELL THEM I WANT *EVERY* ABLE-BODIED MAN UP THERE!

THEN CHECK ON *PETER.*

SORRY FOR THE RATHER *SURREAL* INTERRUPTION, GENTLEMAN.

WHERE WERE WE?

DEBATING WHETHER TO RELEASE THE CREATURE *AHEAD* OF SCHEDULE.

OR *STAY* WITH THE PROGRAM AND RISK *FOREIGN INTERVENTION.*

GOTTLIEB SAYS HE NEEDS AT LEAST *ANOTHER YEAR* TO CEMENT THE *PERSONALITY PROGRAMMING* HE'S DONE.

TO SEND THE CREATURE OUT *NOW* RISKS *LOSING CONTROL* OF IT.

REMEMBER, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A BEING WITH *GODLIKE POWERS.*

NO GODS! NO MASTERS!

DEATH TO THE FASCIST INSECT THAT PREYS UPON THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE!

TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA

TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA

DAD?

WHO'S BEHIND THE WALL, PIG?

IT'S JUST MY *SON*. PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM. HE'S AN *INNOCENT*.

THERE ARE *NO* INNOCENTS IN A *DYNASTY* OF WAR PROFITEERS!

SMASH!

AAGGH!

THE *PANACHE FAMILY* HAS BEEN GORGING ITSELF ON THE MISERY OF OTHERS FOR GENERATIONS!

KRASH!

BEFORE YOU *BLEED OUT* LET'S SHOW THE WORLD WHAT THE *WHITE SUPREMACY* IS REALLY *MADE* OF.

TANYA, YOU GOT THE CAMERA?

RIGHT HERE, *CINQUE*.

THEY CALL ME *CAPTAIN PISSGUMS* NOW!

AND I'M HERE TO EXTERMINATE EVERY LAST *PANACHE MAGGOT* IN THE NAME OF MY KID *FREDO* AND THE *SYMBIONESE LIBERATION ARMY!*

TAKKA TAKKA

MOMMAAA!

MOMMY! MOMMY!

I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOUR MOMMA TOO!

TAKKA

SHE CAN BITE MY CRANK, MATEY!

TAKKA TAK TAK

THERE WILL BE NONE OF THAT AROUND HERE, THANK YOU.

BDOW!

KAK!

TAKKA

TOO PINK.

TOO PINK.

INTO THE SLED, BOY. NOW!

IGNITION!

VROOOOSH!

YOUNG MASTER!

ABOUT YOUR MOTHER!

HE HAD HER KILLED!

AREA FIFTY-ONE, NEVADA
NOVEMBER 23, 1972

WHAT YOU DOIN' TO THAT PO' BOY NOW. DOC?

TAKING CONTROL OF HIS CELLULAR SHAPESHIFTING CAPABILITIES, BROWNIE.

WE'VE PROGRAMMED HIM TO BELIEVE THERE IS A SUBSTANCE CALLED ISOTOPE-X THAT CAUSES HIM TO MUTATE RANDOMLY.

I'M RUNNING HIM THROUGH THE PROMPTS AT HIGH SPEED.

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE THINK THIS SHIT UP?

MY WRITERS ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY WITH IT.

AND THAT ACAPULCO GOLD YOU'VE BEEN PROVIDING HAS BEEN A BIG HELP.

BRRLING!!

IN FACT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU...

HANG ON. YES, THIS IS GOTTLIEB. NO, JUST ME AND THE JANITOR.

FULL LOCKDOWN? HAVE WE BEEN BREACHED?

GOT IT. OKAY WE'LL SIT TIGHT UNTIL YOU GIVE THE ALL CLEAR.

LOCKDOWN? *THAT* DON'T SOUND GOOD.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE. PROBLEM'S AT THE *HOME OFFICE* IN *SLUMBURG*.

MIGHT BE *TERRORISTS*.

AT ANY RATE IT'S JUST *YOU*, *ME* AND OUR *FRIEND* SEALED IN HERE FOR THE *DURATION*.

WELL, DOC, IF WE GOTTA HUNKER DOWN AWHILE, WE MIGHT AS WELL *ENJOY* OURSELVES.

BROWNIE, YOU ARE A *GODSEND*!

WHEN THIS PROJECT IS OVER I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN FOR A *BONUS*!

I'VE *GOT* TO *ASK* YOU, THOUGH. HOW ARE YOU GETTING THE STUFF *IN*? I MEAN, THIS IS A *MAXIMUM SECURITY INSTALLATION*.

UNDERGROUND CITY LIKE THIS GOT TO *BREATHE*, DOC.

PEOPLE, *MACHINES*, HELL, EVEN THE *REACTOR* RIGHT OVER OUR HEADS ALL NEED *FRESH AIR*.

THERE'S HALF A DOZEN *VENTILATION SHAFTS* THAT TAKE YOU RIGHT TO THE *SURFACE*.

I MEET MY *COUSINS* UP THERE EVERY FEW WEEKS. THEY BRING THE *GOOD SHIT*.

NOW *I* GOT A QUESTION FOR *YOU*.

IS YOU THE SAME *SIDNEY GOTTLIEB* THAT RAN MEDICAL PROGRAMS AT *ASHEVILLE PENITENTIARY* BACK IN 1962?

UHH. *PFFFT*. HEH HEH. YEAH, I *AM*.

REASON I ASK IS MY **BROTHER** WAS IN THERE SERVIN' FIVE TO TEN FOR BOOSTIN' A LIQUOR STORE.

SAID YOU WAS FEEDIN' THE PRISONERS **LSD** EVERY DAY, LIKE IT WAS CANDY OR SOMETHIN'.

YES, THOSE **TEST SUBJECTS** PROVIDED **PIVOTAL** RESEARCH.

'CEPT THEY WEREN'T REALLY **WILLIN'** TEST SUBJECTS, WERE THEY?

I MEAN, MY BROTHER WAS NEVER THE **SAME** AFTER THAT.

NONE OF 'EM WAS.

THE **MIND CONTROL** PARAMETERS WE ESTABLISHED AT ASHEVILLE HAVE BEEN **ESSENTIAL** TO EVERYTHING WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED **HERE.**

SO WHAT YOU DID TO **THEM,** NOW YOU DOIN' TO **MUKURU?**

IS THAT IT?

I CUT YOU, MOTHER FUCKER!

AWWK!

YOU TELL ME, **RIGHT NOW!** OR I DO YOU **WORSE!**

HOW DO I SPRING **MUKURU** OUT OF HERE?

MY EYE! Y-YOU CUT MY EYE!

I SAY *TELL ME* OR I'M GOING TO TAKE THE *OTHER* ONE, MOTHER...

TINK!

TINK!

SQUEE

SQUEE

...FUCKER?

FWUMP!

DROP IT, CHIEF.

OR I POP YOUR CLOGS.

HOLD YER DAMN *CAYUSE*, WAND! WE AGREED, *NO KILLIN'*!

EASY. I DON'T MEAN NO HARM.

TELL IT TO *THAT* FELLOW.

HE LOOKS *FAMILIAR* UNDER ALL THAT BLOOD.

THE BASTARD CUT MY EYE!

HE *DESERVED* IT! SUNNOVA BITCH HAS BEEN PULLIN' SOME *EVIL SHIT* DOWN HERE!

LOOK! UP IN THE *HOLDING PEN!* THAT'S *BLONDIE!*

BUT **WHAT** IN MOTHER MARY'S JEWELRY ARE THEY **DOIN'** TO HIM?

HE'S GOT SOME SORT OF **HYPNOTIC THING** GOING WITH COMPUTERS AND SHIT.

INCREDIBLE! THE THING'S **MUTATING** RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR **EYES!**

WHO **ARE** YOU PEOPLE?

WE ARE BIG FANS OF YOUR WORK WITH **MK-ULTRA,** DOCTOR **SIDNEY GOTTLIEB.**

SMALL WONDER WE FIND **YOU** HERE **BRAINWASHING** OUR VISITOR FROM A HIGHER DIMENSION.

KGB? OH SHIT.

OKAY, **EVA.** YOU SAID YOU COULD **TALK** TO THE THING. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

I **WANT** TO, **GRETA.** IT'S JUST THAT THE **CLOSER** I GET TO **BLONDIE...**

THE MORE **PEKID** I'M **FEELIN'.**

SWAP SPIT AND REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

NOW SHE'S MUTATING!

COME TO JESUS! IS IT GONNA HAPPEN TO ALL OF US?

NO! YEARS BACK, BLONDIE GAVE ME A PASSEL OF HIS CELLS TO HEAL MY WOUNDS.

NOW I'M CLOSE BY, THEY'RE MUTATIN' TOO!

SO YOU WERE ORGANICALLY CONNECTED TO THE CREATURE ALL ALONG!

JUST AS WE SUSPECTED.

GOTTLIEB! SHUT DOWN THE PROGRAM! NOW!

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO INTERRUPT THE SEQUENCE. THE CREATURE MIGHT BECOME COMPLETELY UNCONTROLLABLE.

WELL THAT'S THE NEXT QUESTION, ISN'T IT?

HOW DO YOU CONTROL THE THING?

GNAAH!

SNAP!

ALRIGHT. ALRIGHT!

TH-THOSE THREE PODS CONTAIN THE ONLY KNOWN EXAMPLES OF AN ALLOY THAT CAN PUT HIM TO SLEEP.

BY ADJUSTING THE DISTANCE WE KEEP HIM WEAK AND VULNERABLE TO HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

TURN THEM OFF.

YOU FOOLS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UNLEASHING ON THE WORLD!

YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED. ARE YOU FEELING ANYTHING, EVA?

YEAH! AS THOSE PODS PULL AWAY, BLONDIE'S CELLS ARE STARTIN' TO RAISE SOME CAIN!

IN FACT THEY'RE JUMPIN' AROUND LIKE HORNETS ON A HOT TIN ROOF!

AND FIXIN' TO HEAD BACK TO THE NEST!

WHICH MEANS IT'S THE LAST ROUNDUP FOR ME!

THOSE CELLS ARE WHAT'S BEEN HOLDIN' ME TOGETHER SINCE SHRAPNEL RIPPED MY GUTS OUT!

SOVIET SCIENTISTS WISELY PREPARED ME FOR THIS EXACT POSSIBILITY.

NO MATTER *WHAT* HAPPENS HERE, THESE CELLS WILL GIVE THE *SOVIET UNION* THE MEANS TO FIELD ITS OWN *SUPER SOLDIERS!*

SORRY, OLD GIRL. *QUEEN* AND *COUNTRY,* DON'T YOU KNOW.

OH, *JAMES.*

DID YOU *REALLY* THINK I'D *TRUST* YOU?

CLIK!

I REMOVED THE *FIRING PIN* FROM YOUR *WALTHER* LAST NIGHT WHILE YOU WERE SNORING.

JUST AS *I* REPLACED THE *CARTRIDGES* IN YOUR *GRACH.*

CLIK!

I BELIEVE, DEAR GRETA, WE HAVE REACHED THE *INEVITABLE.*

HYAAAH!

HYUGH!

BLONDIE! I NEED HELP! *BLONDIEEEE?*

I-IT'S AN *ISOLATION CHAMBER.* HE *CAN'T HEAR* YOU IN THERE.

I'M HOLDIN' MY *BREADBASKET* FROM SPILLIN' AND *BLONDIE'S* THE *ONLY THING* THAT CAN STITCH ME BACK TOGETHER!

LET HIM *OUT,* DOC.

OR I GO BACK TO *SLICIN'!*

WHAT HAVE I DONE? *WHAT HAVE I DONE?*

KRIK KRIK

KRAK KRAK

GOD FORGIVE ME.

SHRAK!

I'M BAILIN' *OUTTA* HERE!

AHH, SWEET JAMES.

NOW WE *KNOW* WHO IS *TOP DOG.* AND WHO IS *BITCH.*

BLONDIE! IT'S ME. *EVA!* I'M COMIN' APART AT THE *SEAMS!*

CAN YOU HEAR ME, BLONDIE?

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU STUPID GIRL! LET A *TRAINED PROFESSIONAL* SPEAK TO THE CREATURE!

YOU ARE *FREE!*

YOU HAVE BEEN LIBERATED IN THE NAME OF THE WORLDWIDE *COMMUNIST REVOLUTION!*

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

DID YOU SAY...

...COMMUNIST?

BLONDI...

VDDZ!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

SHREEEEEK!

KOFF KOFF KOFF!

NOT GOOD.

WHEEEZE!

TOO MUCH SMOKE.

FIRE.

BUT NOT TO WORRY.

I'VE GOT THE *CURE* RIGHT...

...HERE.

CHOF!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

HOW?

THE *DOG.*

FINAL ACT WAS TO PASS *HEALING CELLS* TO ME.

WAS NOT IN *TIME* TO DO *SAME* FOR *GIRL.*

SORRY ABOUT HER. COLLATERAL DAMAGE AND ALL THAT.

LISTEN. I'VE GOT A *GOOD BOY...* BACK AT MY COTTAGE IN *PETT BOTTOM.*

KOF! KOF! KOF!

IF THERE'S A WAY... TO LET HIM KNOW... I DIDN'T... *ABANDON* HIM?

WON'T BE *AVAILABLE* TO HELP HIM DEAL WITH YOUR LOSS, WAND.

THAT'S THE SUNOVABITCH WHO WAS WAVING A GUN IN MY FACE DOWN THERE.

HE MUSTA MADE IT OUT THE VENTILATION SHAFTS TOO!

LOOKS LIKE HE GOT DEEP FAT FRIED ON THE WAY UP THOUGH.

HE GAZES INTO FACE OF MUKURU.

THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS LIFE TO COMPARE.

DID YOU SAY MUKURU?

OH HONEY!

BWABWUP BWAAAAOOW

LET'S GET YO' ASS OUTTA' HERE!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

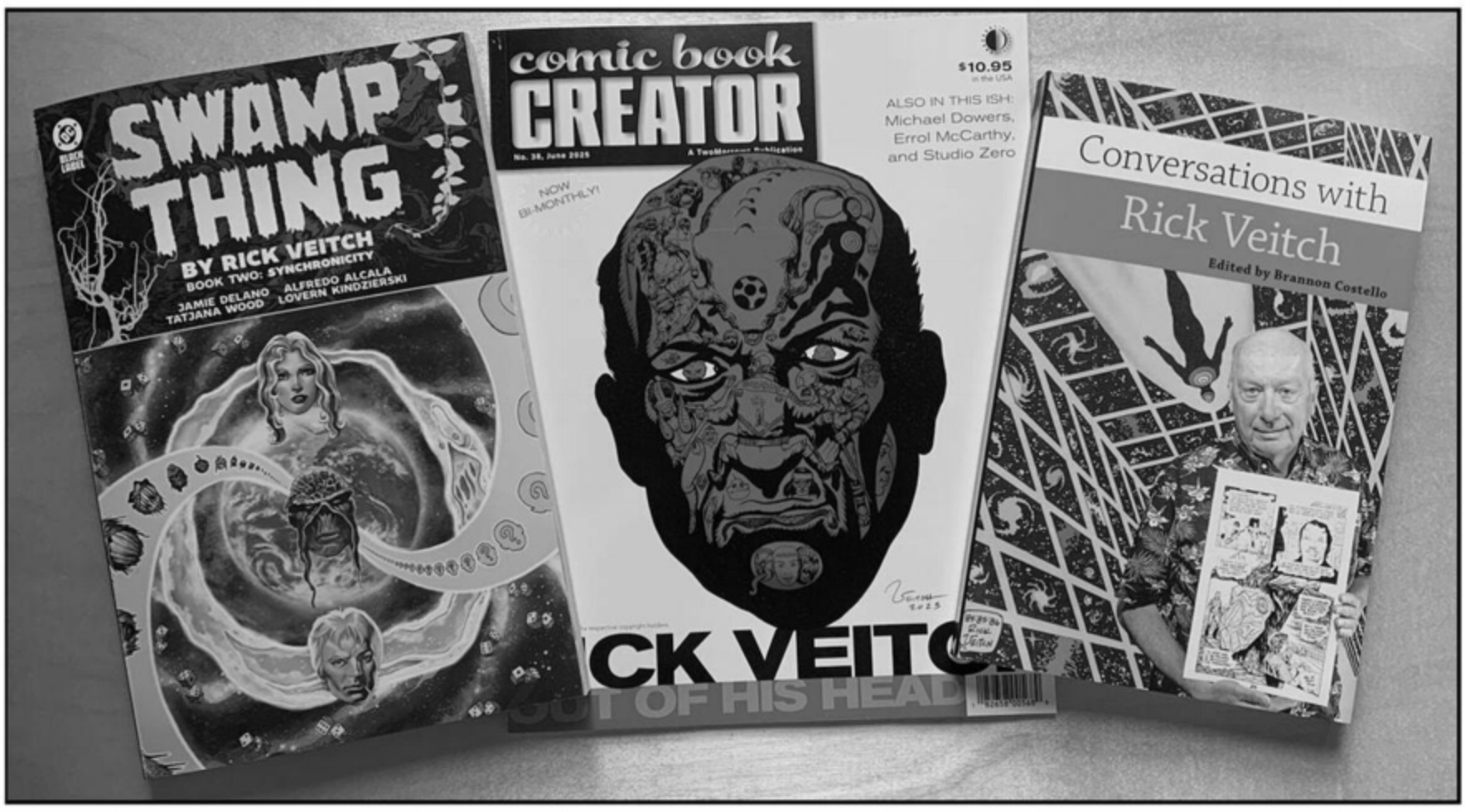
Lots happening in Veitchworld these hazy lazy days of summer 2025. Besides putting this issue of **TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL** to bed and getting one chapter closer to finishing the **KING HELL HEROICA**, there's been a flurry of my stuff from other publishers arriving on my doorstep.

DC Comics has released the second collection of my run as writer/artist on **SWAMP THING** back in the 1980's. They're mixing in **HELLBLAZER** tales that were part of a crossover **Jaimie Delano** and I had going on. With two volumes released, everyone is asking if there will be a third and will it include the infamous **Swamp Thing Meets Jesus** story that DC pulled the plug on. I don't have an answer for that at the moment. But I can say I remain hopeful that DC will someday, some way publish **SWAMP THING #88** and allow me to finish my time travel storyline.

Also in the shops and available from the **TwoMorrows** website is **COMIC BOOK CREATOR #38** with a career spanning interview conducted with me by the illustrious **Jon. B. Cooke** and a bonus self portrait slithering on the cover.

And the **University Press of Mississippi** has just released **CONVERSATIONS WITH RICK VEITCH** edited by **Brannon Costello** in paperback and hardcover. It's a compilation of interviews I gave over the last forty years of my comics making career capped by penetrating new interviews conducted by both **Stephen R. Bissette** and **Brannon Costello.** I'm not sure how many of these will make it into the retail environment, but the University of Mississippi has an online store where this and other interview books of interest to comic book readers are available.

Speaking of the comic book retail environment, it looks like it's cratering yet again. **Diamond Comic Distributors**, which succeeded in gaining monopoly distribution status in the Direct Sales Market in 1998 then proceeded to stifle any grassroots creative work produced outside the confines of a handful of large publishers, has finally gone belly up. While many fans of the art form are saying "*Good riddance*," many of the last remaining comic book stores are facing lean times. One can only hope that the market forces will rearrange and work towards building a strong



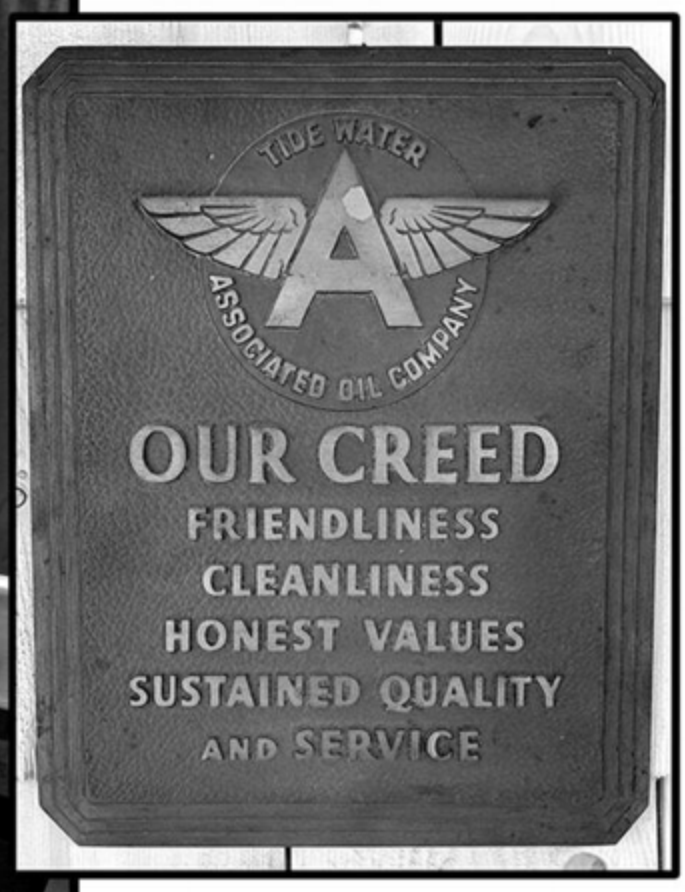
The new Sun Comics Studio.

retail and distribution environment that will allow our favorite art form to flower! While I feel for the retailers, many of whom I know personally, I am delighted to be insulated from the latest Direct Sales Market sturm and drang by offering my new work direct to readers through Amazon's Kindle Direct.

But the biggest and best news for me personally is that I am creatively ensconced in my new art studio, which was constructed over the winter. It's a twenty by twenty-four one room cabin styled on the old Vermont hunting camps that I knew as a kid. I've been working out of shit holes for most of my professional life and to have a fresh, bright work space set in a lovely nature spot has been a source of great happiness to me. Going to work every morning is now just so cool due to my sweet creative environment!

The facing page offers a visual tour of the new digs. On the upper left is my digital cockpit with the Cintiq I draw most of my comics on these days. And in the lower right is my analog station with drawing board, pens, brushes, light box and all the accoutrements needed for hand drawing. The other photos offer some small details that make my little art shack a home.

Thanks to **Peter Veitch** for creating the original design plan and materials list. And thanks to **Tanner, Doug and Steve** of the **Winot Work Crew** who got the job done in the cold dead of winter. Also thanks to **Bob Moore, John Waite** and **Karen Green** for being indispensable to the process of placing the **Rick Veitch Archives** at **Columbia University Library** which is really what made the studio project financially possible.


TIDE WATER
ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
OUR CREED
FRIENDLINESS
CLEANLINESS
HONEST VALUES
SUSTAINED QUALITY
AND SERVICE

ZEN PAI
TOM W

MY BACK PAGES

TITLE PAGE: Illustration done on assignment at **Kubert School** while I was still searching for a personal style of some sort. The impasto boulder was created by slapping down a heavy layer of gesso and then dry brushing the texture across the top.

ZEN PAIN TOMORROW: Unpublished corporate comics that I've upcycled into poetry. I warned you to expect the unexpected.

THE SPECTRAL ASSASSIN: After I finished and turned in the art for **Tom Veitch's** script to **TWO-FISTED ZOMBIES,** I began a story on my own, starring a rooftop assassin in a dystopian future mowing people down right and left. When Tom saw the pages, he loved the character and wanted to make him part of **TWO-FISTED ZOMBIES.** So he threw some already completed sequences out and replaced them with a new bit starring this character that he named the **SPECTRAL ASSASSIN.** Tom cut and pasted some panels from my story into new sequences then wrote fresh script to sew it all together. Those pages really became the standout scenes in the book, I think. This snippet is what remains, drawn when I was twenty-one years old.

UTERIN HUNGER: Early attempt at collage and poetry based on a haunting paragraph from **BLACK SPRING** by **Henry Miller,** whose work I was devouring at the time.

MOORTEK THE MIGHTY: Done in 2003 for The **Extraordinary Works of Alan Moore.** I based it on an old issue of a British comics weekly I'd had kicking around since I was a kid.

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE and **THE SOFT JOB:** Two stories I wrote and drew that ran in the back of **SGT. ROCK** circa 1977. Since there were no work-for-hire contracts back then, I think it should be okay for me to publish scans of the original art here for historical purposes.

TIME OF THE ASSASSINS: Pre-Kubert School art done from a **Tom Veitch** script. It's lain unpublished all these years, probably because the last panel required a good drawing of **Lee Harvey Oswald**, which I didn't really deliver.

That's it from the new and improved **Sun Comics Studio.** Your exuberantly happy artist, Rick Veitch, signing off until **TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL #3.** See you then, flesh willing!

Below: The view from the studio porch.

MY BACK PAGES

I PICKED UP TWO OF 'EM TAKIN' THEIR BREAK UP ON THE ROOFTOPS-- IMAGINE... EATIN' LUNCH ON THE ROOFTOPS... FUCK!!

THESE YOUNG PUNKS THEY SEND OUT AFTER US-- THEY AIN'T SHIT... THEY THINK CUZ WE DON'T GO TA' SCHOOL WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE WAR!! WE KNOW HOW TO MAKE GOOD WAR!!

AND WHAT DO THEY TEACH THESE GUYS!? I DUNNO' -- IT'S KINDA' LIKE SLOGANS THEY GET HAMMERED INTO 'EM AND THEN THAT'S ALL THEY TALK OR THINK ABOUT...

...LIKE ROBOS OR SOMETHING...

AND THEY THINK THEIR SO FUCKING SMART-ASS...

...LOOK AT THAT SHIT!!

I SQUEEZED OFF A ROUND AT ONE OF `EM, CATCHING HIM DEAD SQUARE IN THE CHEST--NEEDLESS TO SAY IT PRODUCED A FAIR AMOUNT OF THE GOOD STUFF..

POW!

THE FIRST SHOT SPOOKED SOME PIGEONS SO'S I COULDN'T GET A DEAD AIM ON THE OTHER ONE -- BUT I SCARED THAT FUCKER PRETTY GOOD!!

POW!

IF HE ALERTED HIS UNIT IMMEDIATLY IT WOULD TAKE AT LEAST EIGHT TO TEN MINUTES TO RESPOND-- PLENTY OF TIME TO KNOCK HIM OFF AND BEAT IT!!

KPOW POW POW POW POW

BUT, DEAR FRIENDS -- WHEN I FEEL A TWINGE IN MY GUTS -- JUST A LITTLE ONE -- WARNING ME THAT SOMETHIN' AIN'T QUITE RIGHT... I REACT!!

BUDDA BUDDA

AND WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR IT, I HAVE THE RIGHT WEAPON... AT THE RIGHT TIME...

WUSHAW WUSHA WUS USH

IN THE RIGHT PLACE!!

THWAP!

ANY ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF CITY ASSASINS WILL TELL YA' THE SAME THING -- BUT NOT MANY OF 'EM HAVE BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS ME!!

MY NAME IS GREEN HATE AND I'VE BEEN IN GUERRILA WARFARE WITH UNIFORMED GOVERNMENT POLICE NOW FOR A LONG TIME...

POW!

AND EVEN THOUGH THE UNIFORMS AND GOVERNMENTS HAVE CHANGED MANY TIMES SINCE I FIRST LEARNED MY CRAFT... I STILL FIGHT ON!!

TV4 NEWS

HIS NAME IS **GREEN HATE**, CITIZENS, AND HE IS ONE OF THE BETTER KNOWN CITY ASSASINS THAT PROWL OUR STREETS!

OVER THE PAST YEARS HE HAS RUN UP A GHASTLY TOLL OF KILLINGS INCLUDING FOUR POLITICAL CANDIDATES, SIX ELECTED OFFICIALS, ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND TWELVE POLICE AND UNTOLD NUMBERS OF CITIZENS...

... LIKE YOURSELVES!

HEY MILDRED... C'MERE AN LOOKIT DIS GUY!

LOOKIT THAT SUNOVABITCH!

DEY AUGHTA DO SUMTIN' ABOUT DOSE GUYS!

WE HAVE TONIGHT ACTUAL FILMS OF THIS ONE MAN VIGILANTE IN ACTION AS HE ESCAPES FROM YET ANOTHER POLICE TRAP!!

THREE MORE OF OUR BRAVEST LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS DIED IN THE ASSAULT AND ONE WAS CRITICLY INJURED!

MEANWHILE, THE COMMISIONER OF POLICE STATED THAT "AN OUT-MODED POLICE FORCE, WITH ANCIENT EQUIPMENT CANNOT BE EXPECTED TO COPE WITH MODERN CITY CRIME!" HE ASKED THE FINANCE COMMISION FOR MORE FUNDS, ADDING "YA GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR!!"

ALL THIS, WHILE GREEN HATE RUNS FREE TERRORIZING ALL DISNEY-FEARING FOLK IN THIS CITY -- WE URGE THE POLICE TO DO ANY AND EVERYTHING NEEDED TO STOP GREEN HATE AND OTHERS LIKE HIM AND MAKE OUR **STREETS** SAFE TO WALK AGAIN...

DON'T WE?

UTERIN HUNGER

I WAS BORN TOO SOON.
IN THE SEVENTH MONTH
I RIPPED AND CLAWED MY WAY OUT OF THE WOMB
DROPPING ON THE PAVEMENT HEAD FIRST
WITH FULL GROWN NAILS,
CLOVEN HOOFS,
AND A DOUBLE SET OF TEETH.

WHEN THEY FINALLY HANDED ME MY BIRTH CIRTIFICATE
MY CRIMINAL INSTINCTS WERE FULLY DEVELOPED.
I BLAME MY PARENTS.
I BLAME SOCIETY,
I BLAME GOD.
I ACCUSE.
I CURSE AND BLASPHEME,
I TELL THE BITTER TRUTH.

THE WORLD IS TURNING ITSELF INSIDE OUT.
ROTTING CARCASSES LIE NAKED IN THE GUTTER.
THE ARTIST IS THE LIVING SYMBOL OF THIS SQUIRMING NAKEDNESS.
HE LOOKS FOR MEAT TO COVER HIS BARE BONES,
FOR A LITTLE FLESH TO HIDE THE BLOOD SPILLED AT HIS BIRTH.
HE STRUGGLES TO GET OUT OF THE STRAIGHT JACKET
THAT WAS SLIPPED OVER HIM
BEFORE HE HAD THE STRENGTH TO LIFT HIS ARMS,
HE TRIES TO TEAR OFF THE BLINDERS
THAT COVERED HIS EYES
BEFORE HE EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AT THE WORLD.

PERSONALITY ITSELF IS CREATION.
FROM SYMBOLIZING HIMSELF IN HIS ART
MAN SYMBOLIZES HIMSELF INTO BEING.
HE SPEAKS IN A LANGUAGE SO CLEAR
IT PENETRATES THE DENSEST MATTER.
THUS HE POISONS THE WORLD,
THE WORLD DIES,
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
BUT THE SKELETON ALWAYS GETS UP AND WALKS.

HENRY MILLER

©1980 RICK VEITCH

ZEN PAIN TOMORROW

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

HOW THE PAST CAN COME UP AND BITE YOU ON THE ASS.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE REASON WE REINCARNATED.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

HOW EVERY MOMENT IS MAGIC.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE REALM OF THE FAIRY KINGS.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE VIEW FROM THE EDGE OF TOMMOROW.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE REASON WE WENT WESTWARD HO.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

WHY WE WERE CHUCKED FROM THE GARDEN.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

HOW EVERY THOUGHT HAS WINGS.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE TOUCH OF THE VELVET HAND LIKE A LIZARD ON A WINDOW PANE.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

EVERYTHING.

INSIDE! THINGS LOOK BLACK FOR THE NIPPER IN 'FLINGING FISTS'!

VAINGLORY 7d

THE PICTURE STORY PAPER FOR BOYS — No. 71 - NOV. 18th, 1963. — EVERY TUESDAY

THE ARMY'S HEAVY ARTILLERY MOVED IN TO CHALLENGE THE MECHANICAL GIANT!

MOORTEK THE MIGHTY

Alan, master of Moortek, the huge mechanical giant, invaded England to seize Professor Boyce whom he wanted to repair a new super robot. He captured a missile base but the professor and Dirk Mason lured the giant into chasing them towards a fairground scenic railway that had been specially wired. . .

ONWARD, MOORTEK! SWEEP ASIDE THESE MICROBES FROM OUR PATH!

AAAAAGH!

TANKS WERE PLUCKED ALOFT AS THOUGH THEY WERE TOYS!

STEADY LADS! I'M ABOUT TO FAN ITS HATRED WITH ANOTHER SHELL!

THE FATEFUL ORDER WAS SWIFTLY GIVEN...

AHIEEE! THE FIRST ROUND IS OURS, MOORTEK! SEE OUR ENEMIES FLEE LIKE DEFEATED ANTS!

THE CRACKSHOT GUNNER FIRED WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY!

SPAAANNG!

AREEEE!

YIPPEE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES...

AUUUGH!

THAT DID IT! THE GIANT'S REALLY MAD NOW! HE'LL FOLLOW US TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!

ALAN'S VOICE LAUGHED THROUGH THE CRACKLE OF FLAMES AND EXPLODING AMMUNITION!

HEH! HEH! RUN LITTLE MEN! YOUR STUPID COURAGE DOOMS YOU!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

© Fleet Wad Ltd., 1963

THE APE GLOATED FROM BEHIND THE GIANT'S EYES...

YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS ON YOUR OWN HEADS! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MOORTEK IS INVINCIBLE!

INSIDE THE FAIRGROUND THE TOWERING SHAPE OF THE ONCOMING ROBOT HAD BEEN SIGHTED!

GOOD! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE RAILWAY! IF THE ROBOT TOUCHES THE GIRDERS HE WILL BECOME A WALKING POWERHOUSE!

WHATEVER HAPPENS TO THE GIANT, ALAN HASN'T A HOPE OF SURVIVAL!

BUT ALAN WAS EXAMINING THE TERRAIN AHEAD AND HE SAW THE MASS OF CABLES!

BY THE POWERS! SO THAT IS THEIR GAME!

THEY PLAN TO ELECTROCUTE THE ROBOT--WITH ME INSIDE IT! NO THEY CANNOT!

I MUST GET OUT BEFORE MOORTEK BECOMES A DEATHTRAP!

TO THE UNSUSPECTING ROBOT, THE SCENIC RAILWAY WAS JUST ANOTHER OBSTACLE.

RUUAAGH!

SWITCH ON THE CURRENT!

GEORGE--
HEY, REMEMBER THE RUMOR THAT WENT AROUND IN THE EARLY 90'S THAT "ALAN MOORE" WAS REALLY AN ELABORATE HOAX PERPETRATED BY DAVE GIBBONS AND EDDIE CAMPBELL?

WELL, CHECKOUT THE NAMES AND LIKENESS ON THIS OLD BRITISH WEEKLY COMIC I FOUND AT THE FLEA MARKET! DAVE AND EDDIE WOULD HAVE BEEN LAPPING THIS STUFF UP WHEN THEY WERE KIDS!! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...?

RICK VEITCH

UHH?

SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE CURRENT BUILT UP TO ITS MONSTROUS PEAK...

RAAAGH! EEEEE!

...UNTIL A MILLION PULVERIZING VOLTS WERE THROBBING THROUGH EVERY RIVET OF MOORTEK THE MIGHTY!

IS TH END OF THE MIGHTY GIANT? MORE SPINE-CHILLING SUSPENSE NEXT TUESDAY!

YOU, SID SKRIM--
HAVING BEEN FOUND
GUILTY OF MURDER--
ARE SENTENCED TO SPEND
THE REST OF YOUR
NATURAL LIFE WITHIN
THE CONFINES OF...
THE MACHINE!

B-BUT, YOUR
HONOR--I DIDN'T
MEAN TO KILL!
I-I LOST MY
HEAD!

I ***DON'T***
BELONG IN THAT
PLACE...WITH
MURDERERS AND
ASSASSINS!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, SKRIM...
IT'LL BE THE LAST TIME ***YOU'LL***
EVER SEE THE SUN OR,
GOD'S GREEN EARTH!

THE MACHINE

RELAX, SKRIM--
THE TRANSFER
WON'T HURT...
AFTER THE FIRST
FEW MINUTES.

AND YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY!!
WE'LL TAKE
GOOD CARE
OF YOUR
BODY!

Welcome to the MACHINE

A CRACKLING ELECTRONIC PULSATION SPLITS THE AIR.

KLUNK!

FLASHING LIGHTS STAB THE DARKNESS...

KLANK!

FOLLOWED BY A RHYTHM OF SHARP PAINS!

KLONK! KLONK!

THEN... A VOICE LIKE FINGERNAILS SCRATCHING ACROSS A BLACKBOARD...

SO, THE NEW RECRUIT'S ARRIVED! GET A MOVE ON, SKRIM, THERE'S A WAR HAPPENIN'!

KLUNK!

I SAID MOVE IT!

OUCH!

KLONK!

SKRIM

OH GOD!! IT'S WORSE THAN I EVER IMAGINED... THEY'VE PUT MY MIND AN' SOUL INTO--A-A ROBOT!

FROM NOW ON, SKRIM... YOU'RE COMBAT-DROID MODEL #3303P4Y!

AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT, SOLDIER!

YOU GREEN APPLES ARE ALL ALIKE! I WANNA MAKE ONE THING CLEAR!

YOU'RE HERE TO FIGHT A WAR! THAT'S YOUR JOB... AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT! UNDERSTAND?

SKRIM

SARGE--! WE GOT A SQUAD OF GRIPPIES TRYIN' TO CRACK OUR FLANK.

OKAY BOYS--GRAB YOUR PARTNERS--LET'S SHOW 'EM WHAT US CLICKERS ARE MADE OF!

MOVE YER BUTT, SKRIM--THIS AIN'T NO SOCIAL GATHERING!

HIT 'EM HARD, YOU COMBAT-HAPPY RUST-BUCKETS!

EAT HOT LASER, CLICKER!

DON'T PLAY WITH LAZ-STICK SPECIALISTS, KID!

JUST BLAST 'EM!

FOR HOURS, THE BATTLE FIELD WHINES WITH SCREAMING METALLIC DEATH! THEN...

SKRIM! VEITCH! RICK! YOU BOYS TAKE HEAD DETAIL!

RIGHT, SARGE.

H-HEAD DETAIL? W-WHAT'S THAT?

WE PUT EM BACK ON NEW BODIES, SKRIM!

YOU DON'T THINK WE LET ANYONE DIE FOR GOOD, DO YA?

ROSS

ONE HORRIBLE BATTLE LEADS TO ANOTHER... AND SKRIM DIES A THOUSAND HORRIBLE DEATHS!

SKRIM

BUT THERE IS NO *RELEASE!* THE SKULL CASING OF A COMBAT-DROID IS DESIGNED TO BE *INDESTRUCTIBLE!*

ONLY THEIR BODIES KNOW UTTER DESTRUCTION!

LILLIE

LAFLAK

RUSH

SKRIM

LIFE IN THE MACHINE BECOMES A SLEEPLESS NIGHTMARE OF *DEATH!*

SKRIM

...AND *REBIRTH!*

AND *DEATH--*

AND *REBIRTH!*

AND *DEATH!*

AND *REBIRTH!*

I-I- CAN'T TAKE IT, I TELL YOU!

I GOTTA GET *OUT* OF HERE!

SKRIM

HEY, SARGE... LOOK'S LIKE SKRIM'S GONNA *OVERLOAD!* BETTER CALL THE MEDIX...

VEITCH

WE GOT *BIGGER* WORRIES RIGHT NOW! HERE COMES A GRIPPIE *BATTLE WAGON*... TOSSIN' LASER GREETIN'S!

KLANKLANKLANKLANKLANK

I GOTTA GET *OUT!*

THERE GOES SKRIM! SOME-BODY GRAB HIM!

I--IT'S *TOO LATE*-- HE'S CAUGHT UNDER THE TREADS!

CRUNCH! SCRUNCH!

WELL, HE *DID* IT! SKRIM *SUCCEEDED* IN DESTROYING THE SKULL CASING OF A COMBAT-DROID!

IT'S THE *FIRST TIME* IT'S EVER BEEN DONE!

HE JUST COULDN'T ENDURE THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER!

SKRIM, SIO 003-37-9999

HE KNEW HIS BODY EXISTED ... HERE!

SKRIM THOUGHT IF HE COULD ESCAPE THE SKULL CASING ... HE'D BE ABLE TO RE-ENTER HIS BODY!

WELL... HE GOT OUT OF THE SKULL CASING ...BUT...

...HE *DIDN'T* QUITE MAKE IT BACK!

THE END

ZEN PAIN TOMORROW

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

WHERE THE DREAMS OF MAN AND THE DREAMS OF NATURE CONVERGE.

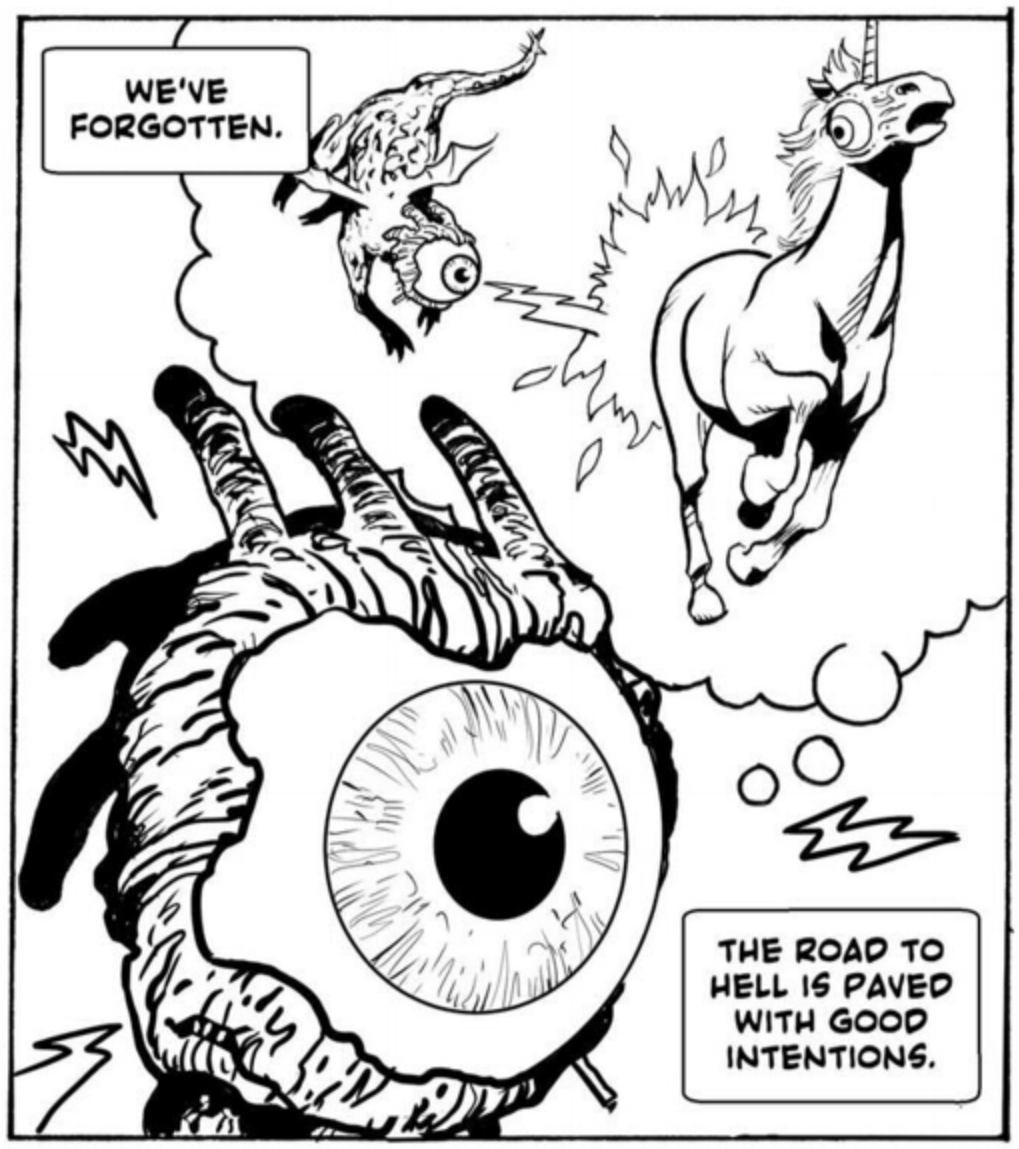
WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THAT PHYSICAL OBJECTS ARE SYMBOLS OF OUR INNER REALITY.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE PART WE PLAY IN CREATION.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
MORE THAN WE'LL EVER REMEMBER.

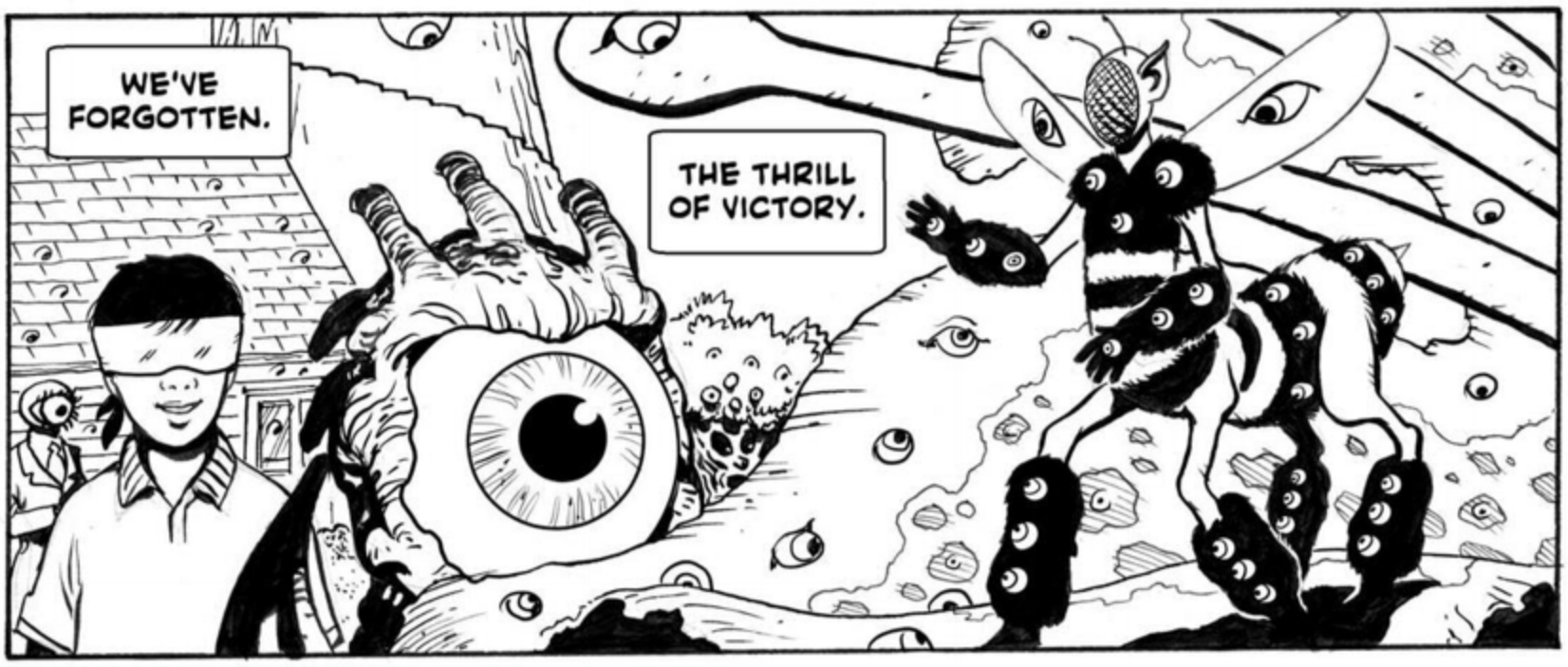

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

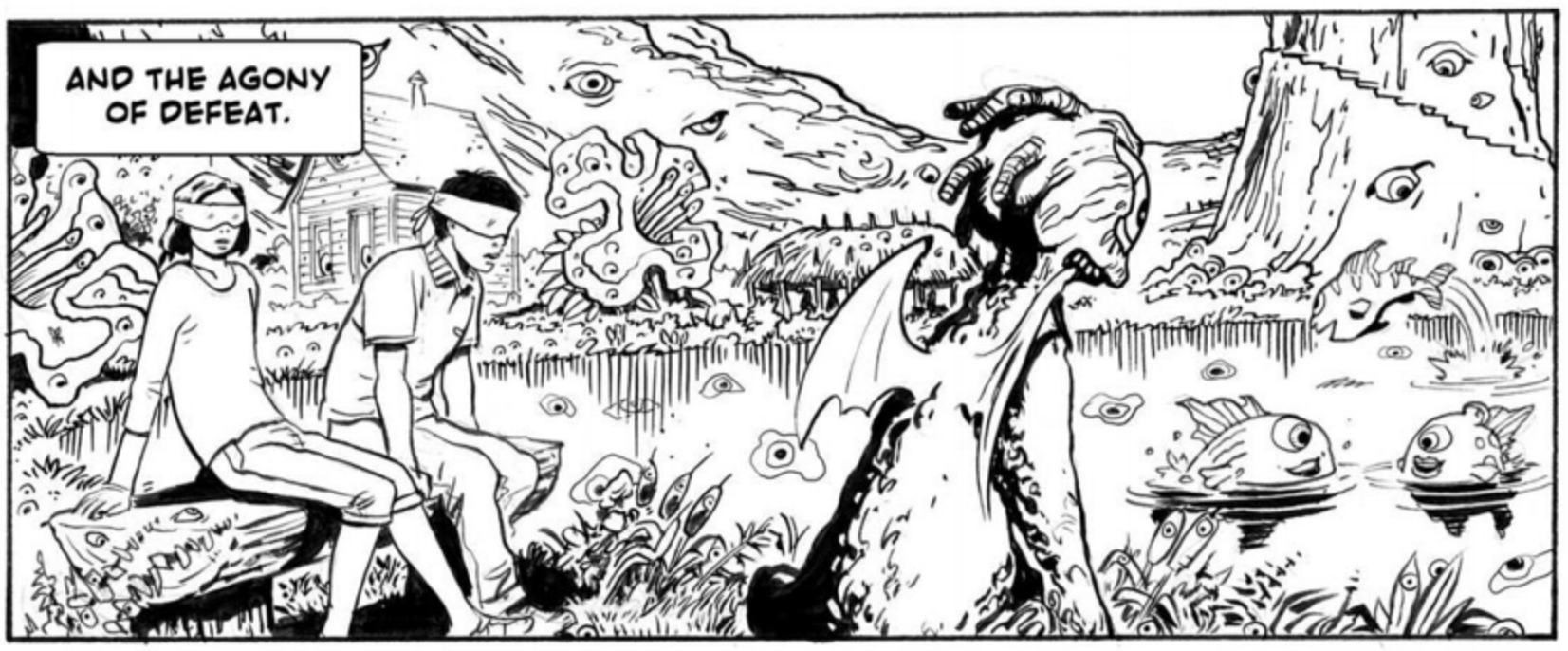
WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE WORDS TO 'LOUIE LOUIE'

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
OUR SECRET NAMES.

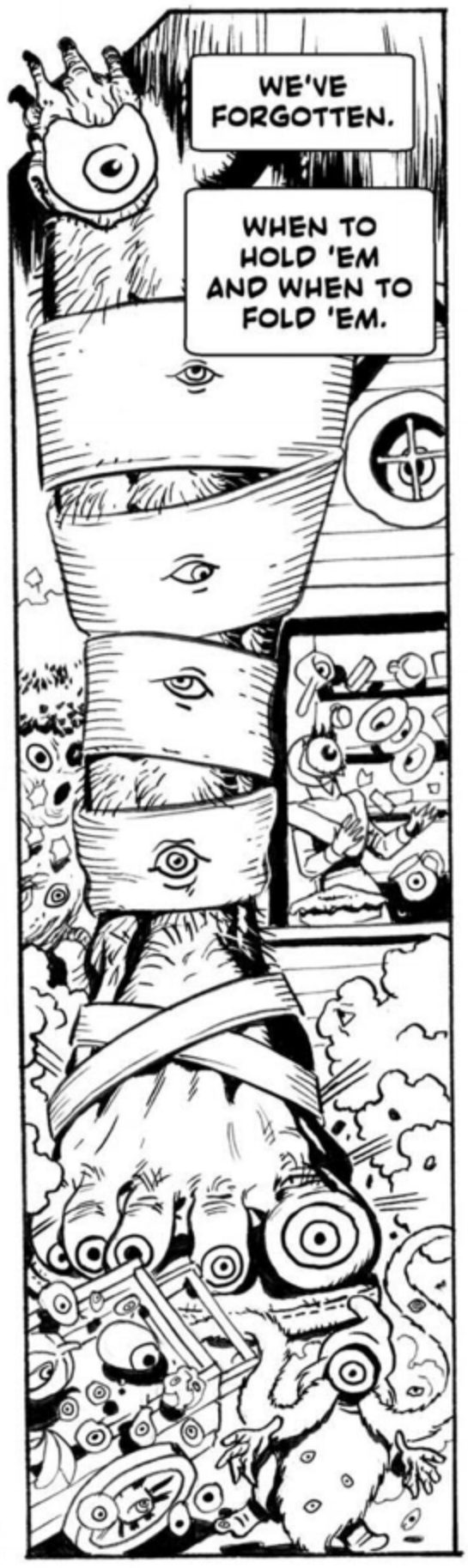
WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
HOW IMAGINATION SCULPTS REALITY.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.


WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE THRILL OF VICTORY.


AND THE AGONY OF DEFEAT.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
HOW TO SOLVE A RUBIK'S CUBE.

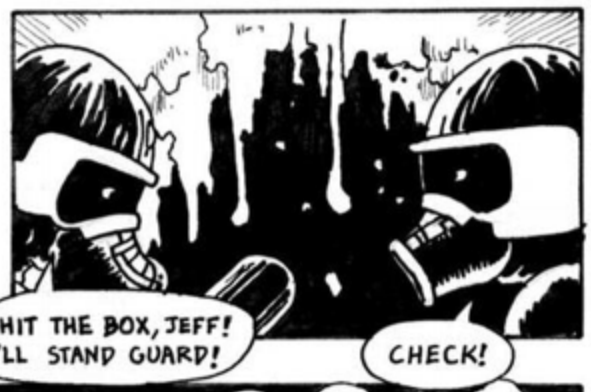

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
WHEN TO HOLD 'EM AND WHEN TO FOLD 'EM.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
WHAHAT HAPPENED BEFORE THE BIG BANG.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
ALL THOSE ANGELS DANCING ON THE HEAD OF THAT PIN.

WELCOME TO A FUTURE TIME—A TIME WHEN FASCISM CONTROLS THE WORLD... A TIME OF TOTAL HUMAN SLAVERY... AND A

TIME OF THE ASSASSINS



ATTENTION! YOU WILL SURRENDER YOURSELVES FOR **EXECUTION** AT ONCE!! - OR YOUR UNWORTHY CARCASSES WILL BE **EJECTED** FROM THE CITY!

NO WAY, DAD!

YOU OINKERS BEEN RIDIN' THEM IRONS SO LONG YOUR FAT ASSES ARE THROWING OUT THE GYROS!

HAW!

INTO THE SEWER, JEFF!

MAY THE HONORABLE GUARD OF THE SEWERS EAT METAL DEATH!

BLUD!

YAHHG!!

EASY, LEE- THIS LADDER IS PRETTY SLIMEY!

BENEATH THE FUTURISTIC CITY LIE THE REMAINS OF ANOTHER CITY AND A LONG LOST CIVILIZATION...

ER 40 TRILLION SOLD!!

ONLY GROTESQUE TROLLS INHABIT THE AWESOME RUINS... TROLLS THAT ONCE WERE MEN!!

GARG

SORRY ABOUT THAT, MR. GOOF! I'M USUALLY PRETTY NICE TO TROLLS!

POW!

GUESS WE LOST THE PORK! — BUT NOW I'M LOST! -FIRST TIME WE BEEN OUT OF THE LAB IN SIX MONTHS!

NO SWEAT, JEFF — LOOK OVER THERE — DONCHA REMEMBER PLAYING IN THOSE RUINS WHEN WE WUZ KIDS?!

YEH, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT!

FOLLOW ME, PAL!

GOD, THIS SLIME IS SO THICK I CAN HARDLY SWIM!

AH, MEIN SONS! I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE COMPONENTS! YOU HAVE DONE YOUR VORK VELL!

QUICK, LEE... GIVE ZEM TO ME! ZERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE!

I HOPE WE GOT THE RIGHT STUFF, DAD!

YES! ZESE ARE THE ONES! ZESE PRECIOUS ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS ARE ZE LAST PIECES I NEED TO FINISH MY VUNDERFUL TIME MACHINE! ZEY VILL MEAN ZE END OF ZIS FASCIST DOMINATION OF ZE VORLD!

YOU REALLY THINK IT'S GONNA WORK, POP?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW, DUMPKOFF! IF IT DON'T VORK VE BE KAPUT!

MEANWHILE:

THEY ENTERED THE SLIME POOL HERE, CAPITAN!

GET THE LASER TRACKER! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM TO HELL IF WE HAVE TO!!

HEH HEH! A LONG TIME AGO, MY SONS, ZERE VUS UN FASCIST DICTATOR WHO CHANGED ZE COURSE OF HISTORY -- IF ZAT MAN HAD NEVER LIVED, VE VOULD NOT BE IN ZIS SICK SAD MESS TODAY!

CLICK

KABOOM

AIEEE! ZE POLICE HAVE FOLLOWED YOU!

WE'VE FOUND THE TRAITORS' UNDERWATER LAIR, CAPITAN! WE ARE DEMOLISHING IT WITH THE LASER!

GOOD!

SKREE SKREE SKREE SKREE

QUICK! LEE, MY SON! INTO THE TIME MACHINE! THERE IS NO TIME!

OKAY, DAD!

INCREDIBLE... IT REALLY WORKS! I'VE STEPPED THRU TIME INTO ANOTHER ERA!

...NOW I MUST FIND THIS MAN OF WHOM MY FATHER SPOKE... I MUST ASSASSINATE HIM BEFORE HE CAN BECOME A DICTATOR...

... IN THIS WAY, ONLY I CAN SAVE THE WORLD!

OSWALD, LEE H.

STORY- TOM VEITCH ART-RICK VEITCH

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

ZEN PAIN TOMORROW

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE SQUARE OF THE HYPOTENUSE.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE BEATITUDES.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

TO PUT THE LIME IN THE COCONUT.

b b b b b b b

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

b b b b

THE FIRST TIME WE EVER FELT THE WIND ON OUR FACE.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
A PINCH OF SALT GOES A LONG WAY.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

MARCH, 1918: AFTER FOUR BLOODY YEARS OF TRENCH WARFARE, THE BRITISH FIFTH ARMY IS ON THE VERGE OF A COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF MORALE! THE HIGH COMMAND IS FORCED TO COMMISSION *BATTLE POLICE . . . TO ENFORCE* THEIR ORDERS. TO THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES, THESE BATTLE POLICE WERE KNOWN AS . . . *THE HERDERS!*

J-5330

SECOND WAVE, READY!

I-I CAN'T GO OUT THERE, ARCHIE -- *I CAN'T DO IT!*

AIN'T GOT MUCH CHOICE NOW, HAVE WE, KID?

. . . NOT WITH THAT *HERDER* SQUATTIN' RIGHT BEHIND US!

HE'S RIGHT, ME BUCKO! *HEE HEE!*

IT'S *ME* WHAT'S GOT THE SOFT JOB . . . THIS TIME!

YOU CLOTS BEST BE GETTIN' SET TO CLIMB THAT LADDER . . .

. . . OR . . . WOULD YOU LIKE IT TO BE AN *ENGLISH BULLET* THAT PUTS YOUR LIGHTS OUT?

the SOFT JOB

I'D ONLY BE FOLLOWIN' ME ORDERS... IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

BACK OFF, **HERDER!** WE'RE GOIN'!

WHAT'LL I DO, ARCHIE? THAT MAN'S A MANIAC! HE'LL **KILL** ME!

YER GOIN' OVER THE TOP WITH ME, KID!

SECOND WAVE-- LET'S GO!

BFFFOW

VIP

VIP

RATATATATATATATATATATATAT

GOOD LORD--THE WHOLE FIRST WAVE-- MOWED DOWN IN THEIR TRACKS!

THE KID'S STILL IN THE **TRENCH!** HE DIDN'T COME UP!

KID! GET OUT HERE BEFORE THAT HERDER SEES YOU!

VIP

M-MY L-LEGS-- **W-WON'T MOVE!**

HELP ME, ARCHIE... H-HELP ME!

2

NOW AIN'T THIS A ROTTEN SHAME, ME BUCKO?

YER *STILL* IN THE TRENCH... DISOBEYIN' YER COMMAND!

BUT...ORDERS IS *ORDERS!*

KID!

BWEE

HOP TO IT NOW... THAT MAGGOT MEANS *BUSINESS!*

TZING

VIP

T-THANKS, ARCHIE--! H-HE...WAS GOING TO... *SHOOT* ME!

I KNOW IT'S A LOUSY WAR, KID -- AN' IT DON'T MAKE MUCH SENSE SOMETIMES...

...BUT ALL THIS KILLIN' AND DYIN' HAS GOTTA BE DONE FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY!

NOW, *C'MON,* KID--!

...KID?

HAW HAW HAW!

HAW HAW! ... THE KID DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT... DID HE, ARCHIE?

HEE HEE!

...YOU... YOU ROTTEN...

EH? HERE NOW... LEGGO ME!

IT'S ME JOB... I HAD TO...

FIFTH WAVE-- READY!

CLIVE-- THE OTHER FOUR WAVES ARE LYIN' OUT THERE MOANIN'! WE'RE *DEAD MEAT* IF WE STEP OUT OF THIS TRENCH!

AN' YER JUST AS *DEAD* IF YOU TRY TO STAY HERE, REGGIE!

THAT'S A *HERDER* SITTIN' OVER THERE!

THAT RAT GETS TO STAY BEHIND... IF HE MAKES SURE *WE* GO OVER!

MY GOD... HE'S GOT THE BEST JOB ON THE FRONT!

I WONDER HOW *I* CAN GET A *SOFT* JOB LIKE HIS?

I GUESS... YOU GOTTA BE *BORN* FOR IT!

"The trenches were the concentration camps of World War One." Robert Kee

ZEN PAIN TOMORROW

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE SPACE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

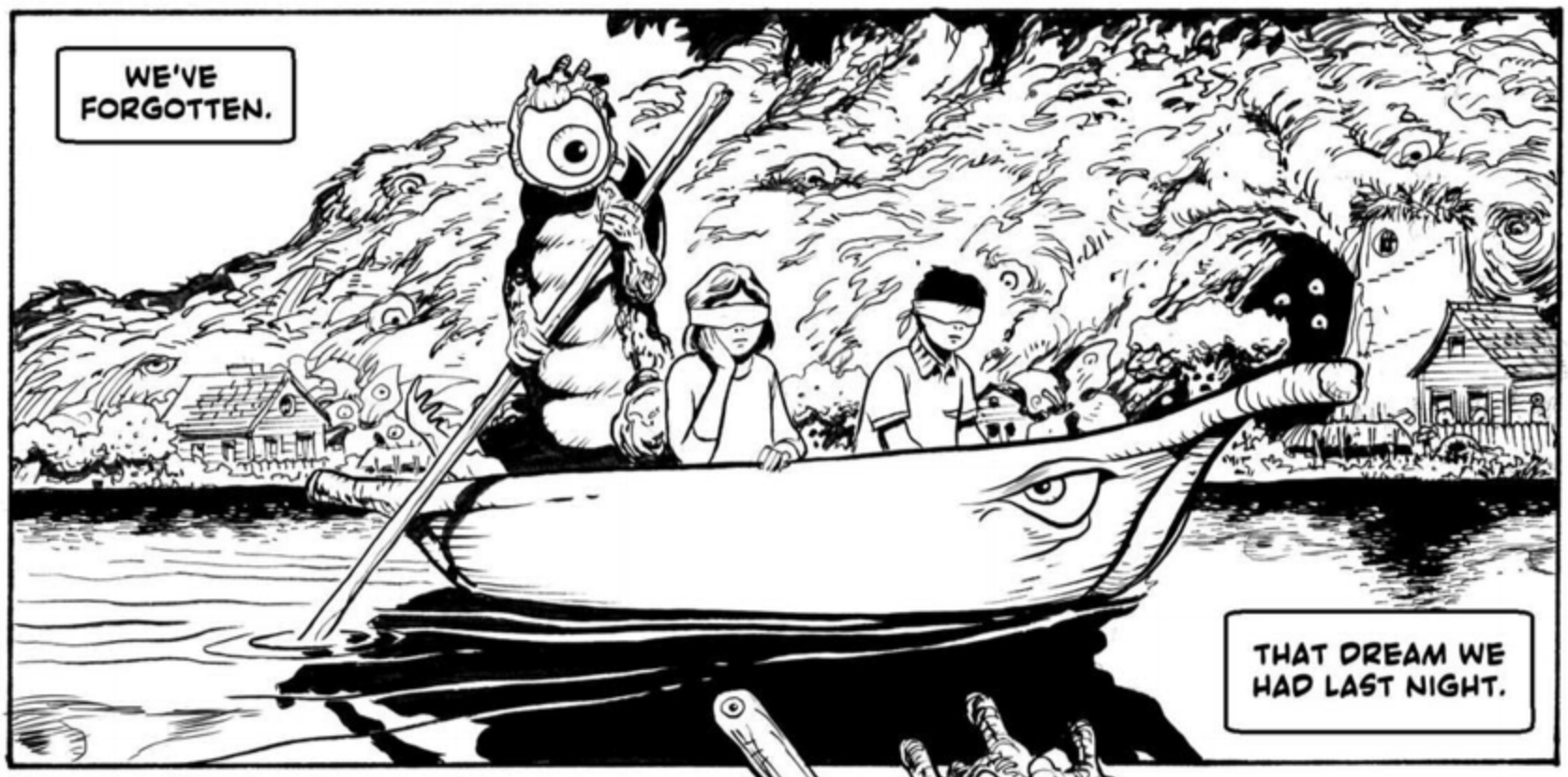
THE LAST WORDS OF DUTCH SCHULTZ.

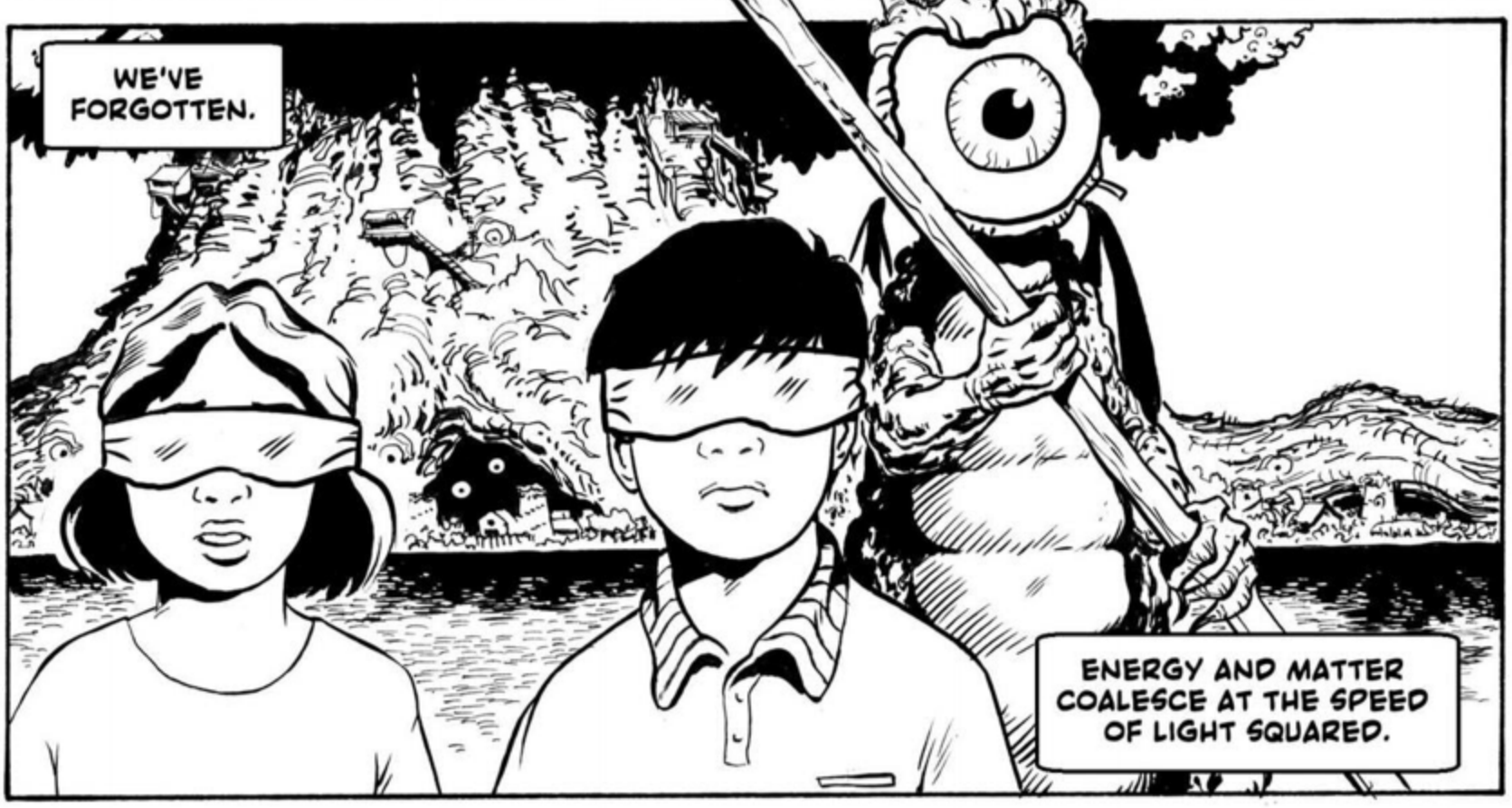
WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

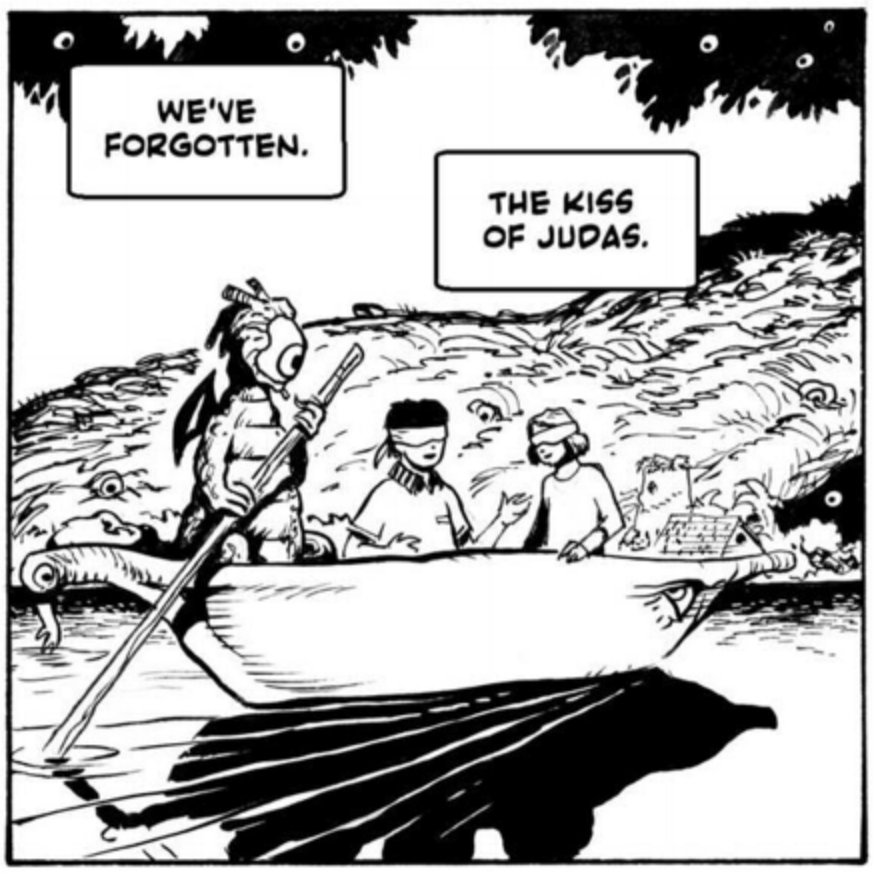
TO WIPE OUR ASS WITH THE WIND.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.

THE MORE FOOLS, THE MORE FUN.


WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THAT DREAM WE HAD LAST NIGHT.


WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
ENERGY AND MATTER COALESCE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT SQUARED.


WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE KISS OF JUDAS.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
WHAT AWAITS US BEYOND THE VEIL.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE LAST LIE WE TOLD.

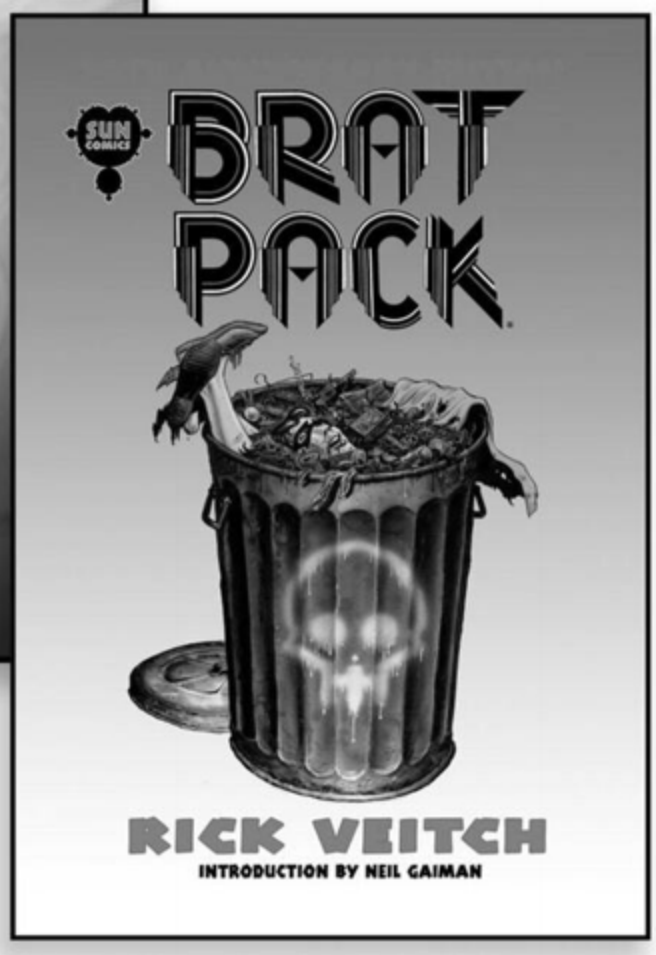
WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE SONG OF SONGS.

WE'VE FORGOTTEN.
THE SOOTHING VOICE OF THE MAKER.

HI!
REMEMBER ME?
TO BE CONTINUED.

RICK VEITCH'S KING HELL HEROICA



NOW AVAILABLE IN TRADE PAPERBACK AND E-BOOK:

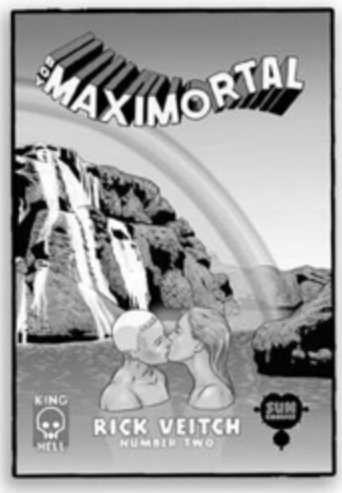
VOLUME ONE
THE MAXIMORTAL

VOLUME TWO
BOY MAXIMORTAL

VOLUME FOUR
BRAT PACK

COMICS VISIONARY ***RICK VEITCH*** MARRIES THE LARCENOUS HISTORY OF THE COMICS BUSINESS TO THE OUTRAGEOUS THEMES AND CHARACTERS OF HIS INFAMOUS ***BRAT PACK*** UNIVERSE, CREATING ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING AND UNCOMPROMISING VISIONS OF THE SUPERHERO ARCHETYPE EVER PUT TO PAPER.

OR IF YOU LIKE FLOPPIES, *BOY MAXIMORTAL* WAS ALSO RELEASED IN FOUR CHAPTERS COMPLETE WITH DOZENS OF ODDBALL BACKUP STORIES AND ART!



AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!

SUN COMICS

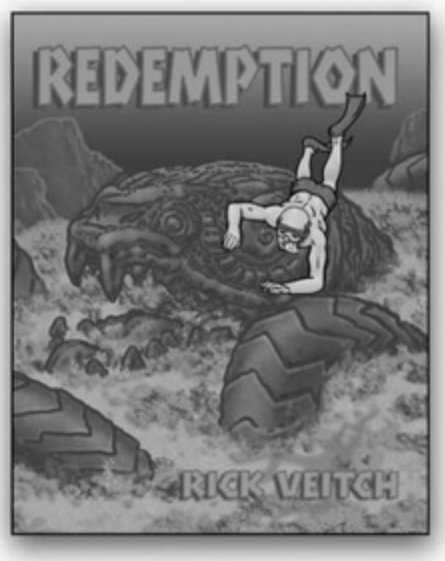
PANEL VISION!

WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT **SUPER CATCHY**! ENTER A WORLD WHERE THE ESSENCE OF LIFE ITSELF PEEKS OUT FROM BEHIND THE COLORFUL COSTUMES, FANTASTIC ABILITIES AND SECRET IDENTITIES OF A PANTHEON OF SUPER BEINGS. ALL NEW COMICS FROM THE MIND OF **RICK VEITCH**, CREATOR OF **BRAT PACK**, **CAN'T GET NO** AND **RARE BIT FIENDS**. IN GLORIOUS **PANEL VISION**!

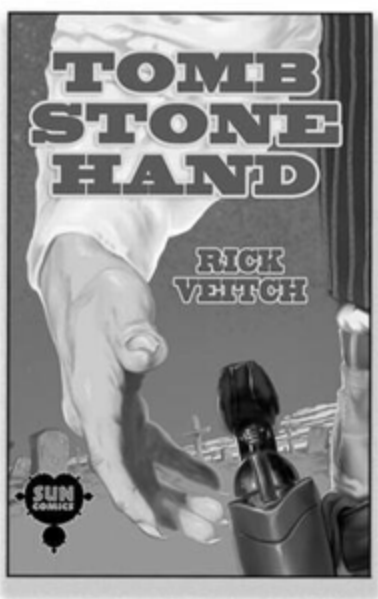
IN A CONNECTED WORLD OF DISCONNECTED PEOPLE, SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD IT ALL AT HER FINGERTIPS. BUT A MYSTERIOUS SPOTTED STONE OPENED A DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY, TRANSPORTING HER TO A STRANGE LAND AND A NEW LIFE UNFETTERED BY TECHNOLOGY. WILL SHE FIND FULFILLMENT BEFORE THE STONE RETURNS?
RICK VEITCH'S HAUNTING STORY, TOLD IN GLORIOUS **PANEL VISION**, IS A FEAST FOR THE EYES AND SOUL!

2018 EISNER AWARD
NOMINEE FOR **BEST SINGLE ISSUE/ONE-SHOT**

WE KNOW FROM HIS MUMMIFIED REMAINS THAT ÖTZI THE ICEMAN WAS MURDERED ON AN ALPINE GLACIER 5300 YEARS AGO. BUT WHO SUSPECTED THAT HIS FINAL JOURNEY WAS WAYLAID BY WORMHOLES, PARALLEL UNIVERSES, INTERNET START-UPS AND THE VERY FRINGES OF CHAOS? ENTER A NEW DIMENSION OF GRAPHIC STORYTELLING IN AN ALL NEW **PANEL VISION** BOOK FROM RICK VEITCH.



COMICS MAVERICK **RICK VEITCH** DROPS ANOTHER MIND BOMB IN HIS WILDLY UNIQUE **PANEL VISION** SERIES! **REDEMPTION** TELLS THE VIVID TALE OF ONE MAN CONFRONTING HIS DEEPEST NATURAL INSTINCTS WHILE STRUGGLING TO REMAIN A FUNCTIONING MEMBER OF MODERN SOCIETY. LIKE VEITCH'S OTHER **PANEL VISION** BOOKS, **REDEMPTION** IS A SELF CONTAINED GRAPHIC PARABLE THAT PUSHES THE FORM OF COMICS INTO NEW UNCHARTED TERRITORY.



COMICS COWPUNCHER **RICK VEITCH** SPINS A GRITTY WESTERN YARN WITH MORE TWISTS AND TURNS THAN THE MIGHTY RIO GRANDE. **TOMBSTONE HAND** TELLS THE TALE OF A TENSE GRAVESIDE STAND-OFF IN WHICH A MAN FINDS HIMSELF WITH ONE BOOT HEEL IN THIS WORLD AND ONE IN THE HEREAFTER. AT STAKE IS A TREASURE BEYOND PRICE. ANOTHER SELF CONTAINED GRAPHIC FABLE THAT DELIVERS A READING EXPERIENCE LIKE NO OTHER.

FIND THEM ON AMAZON!

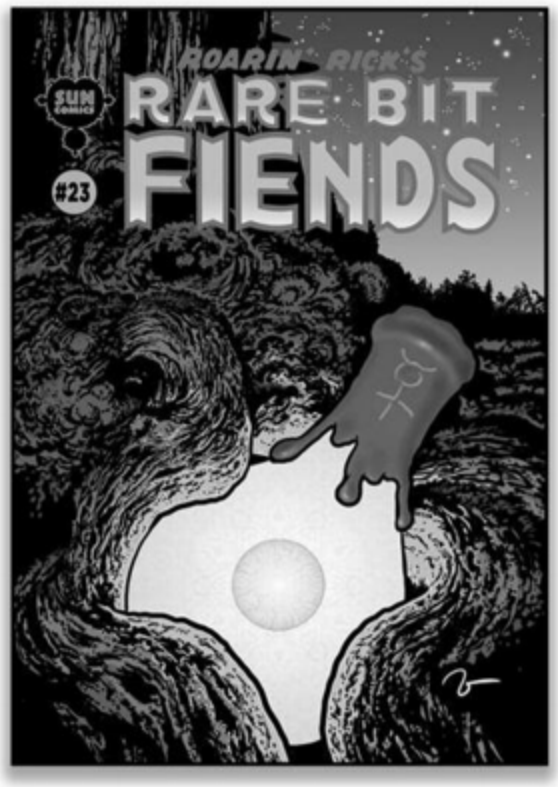
DREAM COMICS: THE FINAL FRONTIER!

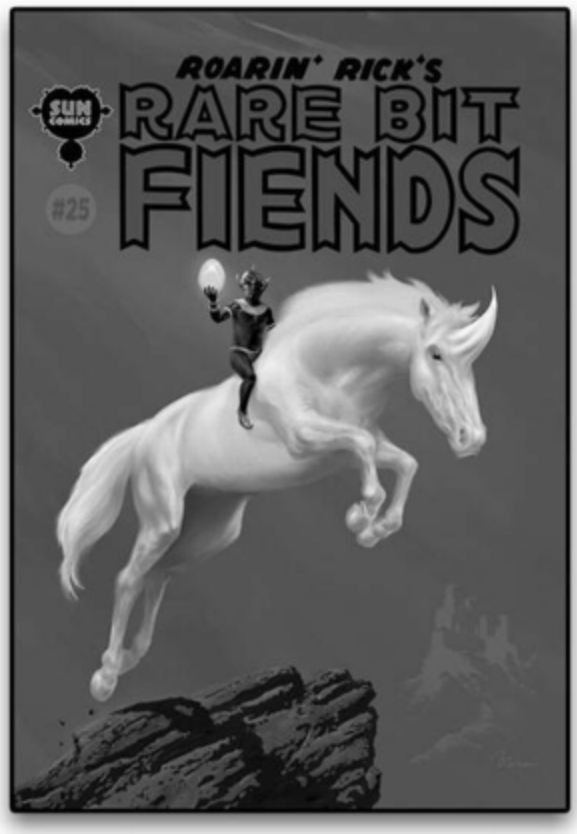
CARTOONIST RICK VEITCH FOLLOWS THE GOLDEN THREAD OF ALCHEMY THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

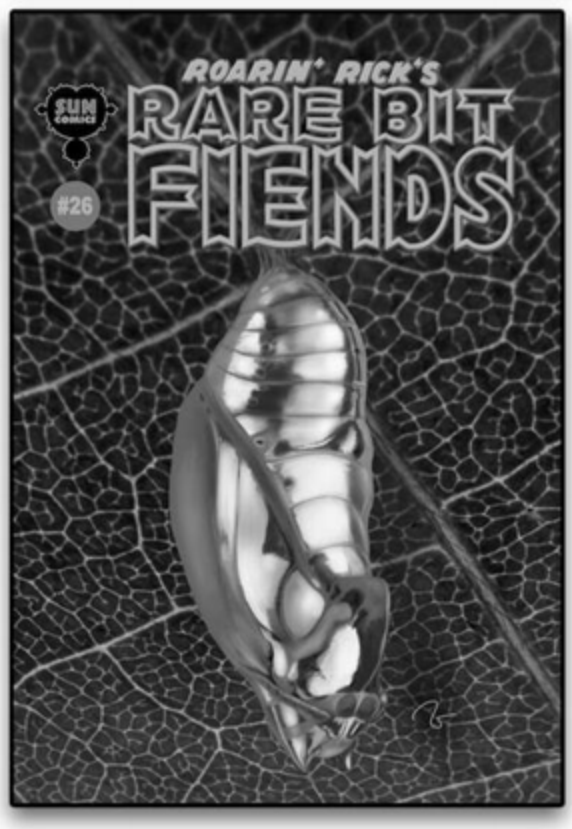
TRIANGULATING DREAMS, MEDITATIONS AND HISTORY ITSELF, VEITCH FINDS MEANING IN AN ANCIENT ARCANE PHILOSOPHY.

NOMINATED FOR TWO EISNER AWARDS!

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!

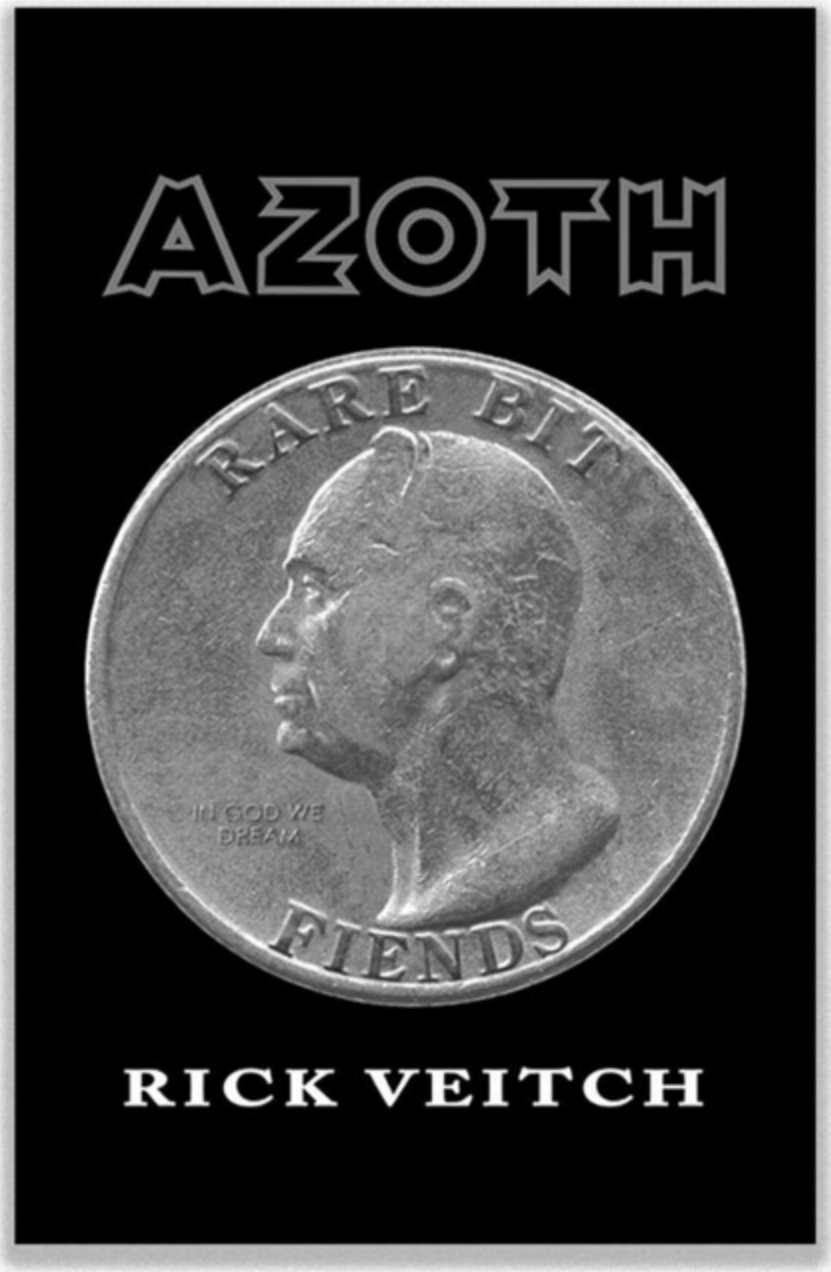






SUN COMICS

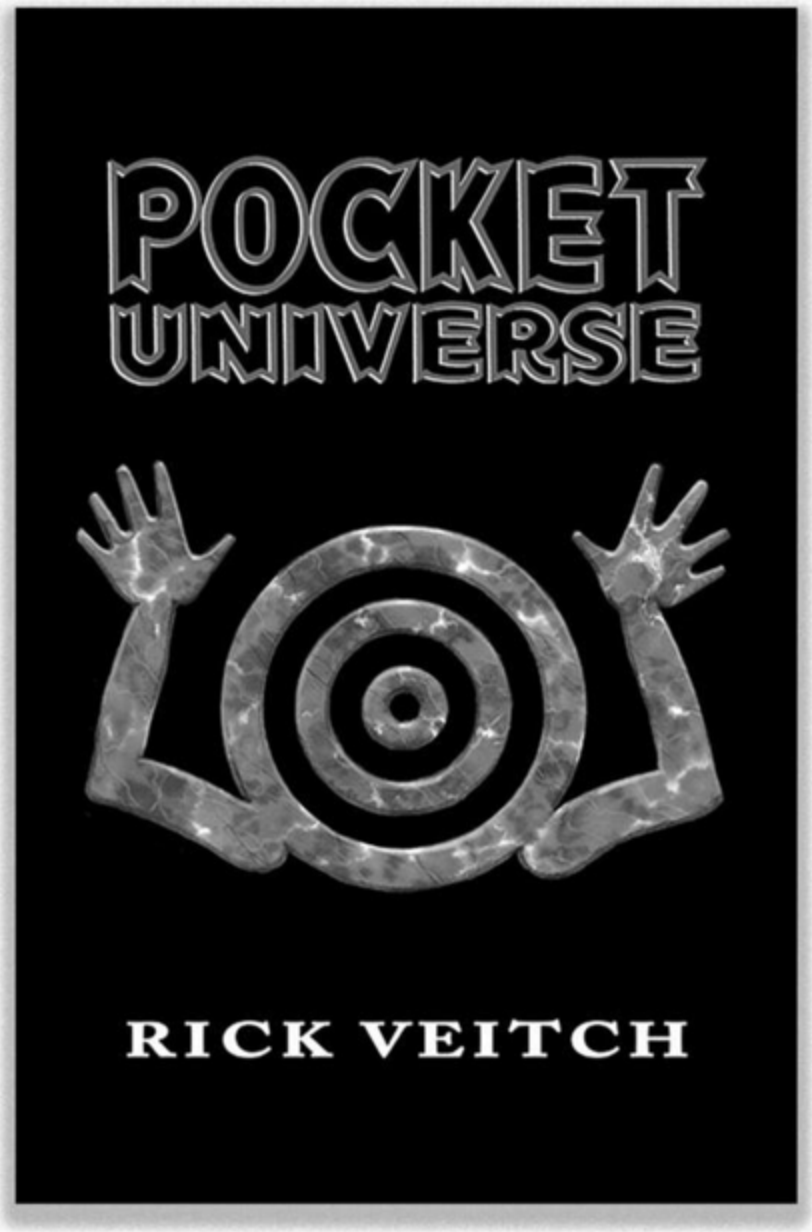
NEW! THE COLLECTED RARE BIT FIENDS NOW IN HARDCOVER!



THIS ***FOURTH COLLECTION*** OF RICK VEITCH'S EISNER-NOMINATED DREAM COMICS CONTAINS A COMPLETE PAIR OF GRAPHIC NOVELLAS, ORIGINALLY SERIALIZED IN ***ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS #21-25,*** EXPLORING THE DEEPEST MYSTICAL DIMENSIONS OF DREAMING.

SUBTLEMAN FOCUSES ON WHAT VEITCH CALLS SHAMANIC DREAMS; THAT ILLUMINATE AND REVEAL A GREATER REALITY HIDDEN BEYOND OUR FIVE SENSES. DRAWN OVER A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PERIOD, ***SUBTLEMAN*** CHRONICLES MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE DREAM PEOPLE, FANTASTIC CREATURES, LIVING MYTHS AND STRAY GODS WHILE CONVEYING THE EXPERIENCE OF TOUCHING HIGHER DIMENSIONS AND THE BLISS OF THE LUCID DREAM STATE.

THE ART OF MERCURIUS DETAILS VEITCH'S PERSONAL INVESTIGATIVE DREAMWORK IN PURSUIT OF A DEEPER COMMUNION WITH PSYCHE AND NATURE, CHARACTERIZED BY VISIONARY EXPERIENCES, SYNCHRONICITIES AND THE APPEARANCE OF AUTONOMOUS DREAM CHARACTERS RIGHT OUT OF 16TH CENTURY ALCHEMY.



RICK VEITCH IS A CARTOONIST WELL KNOWN FOR CUTTING TO THE QUICK, AND HIS GROUND BREAKING DREAM COMIC, ***RARE BIT FIENDS,*** CONTINUES TO ENTERTAIN AND INTRIGUE READERS REGULARLY WITH SOME OF THE MOST PERSONAL AND REVELATORY PANEL ART BEING PUBLISHED TODAY. NOW, IN THIS ***SECOND RARE BIT FIENDS HARDCOVER COLLECTION,*** HE GETS YOU SO CLOSE TO THE QUICK YOU CAN JUST ABOUT TOUCH IT! WELCOME TO ***POCKET UNIVERSE,*** IN WHICH VEITCH COMBINES THE ULTIMATE IN POST-MODERN STORYTELLING WITH HIS BRAVURA CROWQUILL AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS TO RECREATE THE DEEPEST LEVELS OF DREAMING AS A STARTLING AND SUBTLE SET-PIECE OF SENSATIONAL PSYCHO-ART. ARE ART AND LIFE ONE? ENTER RICK VEITCH'S ***POCKET UNIVERSE*** AND LEARN THE SIMPLE TRUTH!

INCLUDED IN THIS HARDCOVER EDITION ARE THE ***COMPLETE ROAD BITS*** DREAM SKETCHES, COLLECTED ON THE CONVENTION CIRCUIT FROM DOZENS OF THE ***WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!***

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!

DESPITE THE TITLE, SATISFACTION IS VERY MUCH WHAT YOU GET FROM RICK VEITCH'S NEW GRAPHIC NOVEL. THIS IS A FASCINATING, DREAM-LIKE LOOK INTO THE LIFE OF A MAN WHO'S SUCCESSFUL AT BUSINESS AND WAKES UP ONE DAY TO FIND HIS LIFE FALLING APART. AND THEN, 9/11 HAPPENS. VEITCH HAS NEVER SHIED AWAY FROM BIG QUESTIONS, AND AS SUCH HAS PRODUCED SOME OF THE MOST THOUGHT-PROVOKING AND OPINIONATED COMICS OF THE PAST 20 YEARS. CAN'T GET NO CONTINUES THAT TREND, TELLING A STORY WITH POEM-LIKE SCRIPT AND NO DIALOGUE. THE ART IS EXCELLENT, AS WELL, HAVING ALL THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE COMIC ART COMPELLING FROM EXCELLENT STORYTELLING TO IMAGES THAT CAN ONLY BE BROUGHT TO LIFE ON THE PAGE. A QUICK BUT DEEP READ, EVEN AT MORE THAN 300 PAGES, THIS IS A TOP-NOTCH BOOK THAT LIKELY WILL INSPIRE, OFFEND AND CONFUSE IN EQUAL AMOUNTS. WHAT IT IS GUARANTEED TO DO IS MAKE YOU THINK AND FEEL. GRADE: A

VARIETY

RICK VEITCH'S AMBITIOUS "CAN'T GET NO" IS NOT ONLY A LANDMARK GRAPHIC NOVEL OR, MORE ACCURATELY, A GRAPHIC EPIC POEM; IT'S ALSO ONE OF THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND EVEN SATISFYING ARTISTIC RESPONSES TO SEPT. 11 TO DATE.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF COMICS' UNIQUE ABILITY TO SUSPEND AND BEND TIME, VEITCH ENVISIONS AN ALL-AMERICAN CROSS-COUNTRY ODYSSEY WITH ROOTS IN RENAISSANCE ARTIST ALBRECHT DURER'S HARD-CORE CHRISTIAN ALLEGORIES.

THERE'S NO DIALOGUE, PER SE, ONLY THE ONGOING GNOSTIC RUMINATIONS OF AN ANONYMOUS NARRATOR WHO STRIKES A TONE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN POET JOHN ASHBERY AND THE CYNICAL BULLET POINTS OF "THE COLBERT REPORT." AS WE PONDER A GIANT BUST OF JOHN F. KENNEDY OVER SEVERAL PANELS, VEITCH'S NARRATOR INVOKES "THE ETERNAL FLAME ... IT COMES COMPLETE WITH AN INTELLIGENCE AGENCY. THE BLACK-OPS KIND THAT RUNS THINGS OUT OF A SECRET HEADQUARTERS ... AND STANDS BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL MAN." HEADY STUFF INDEED, AND ALL THE MORE SO THANKS TO VEITCH'S PROPULSIVE BLACK-AND-WHITE IMAGERY. WITH ICONS LIKE THE TWIN TOWERS TO DEPLOY, "CAN'T GET NO" MAY REPRESENT HIS OWN ETER-NO-MARK.

RICHARD GEHR
NEWSDAY

VERTIGO HAS ALWAYS OFFERED INSPIRED AND INTELLIGENT BOOKS, BUT IT HAS RARELY PUBLISHED A BOOK THAT TAKES AS MANY CHANCES AS CAN'T GET NO. IT COULD EASILY HAVE FAILED, BUT VEITCH MAKES IT WORK. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST GRAPHIC NOVELS VERTIGO HAS EVER PUBLISHED.

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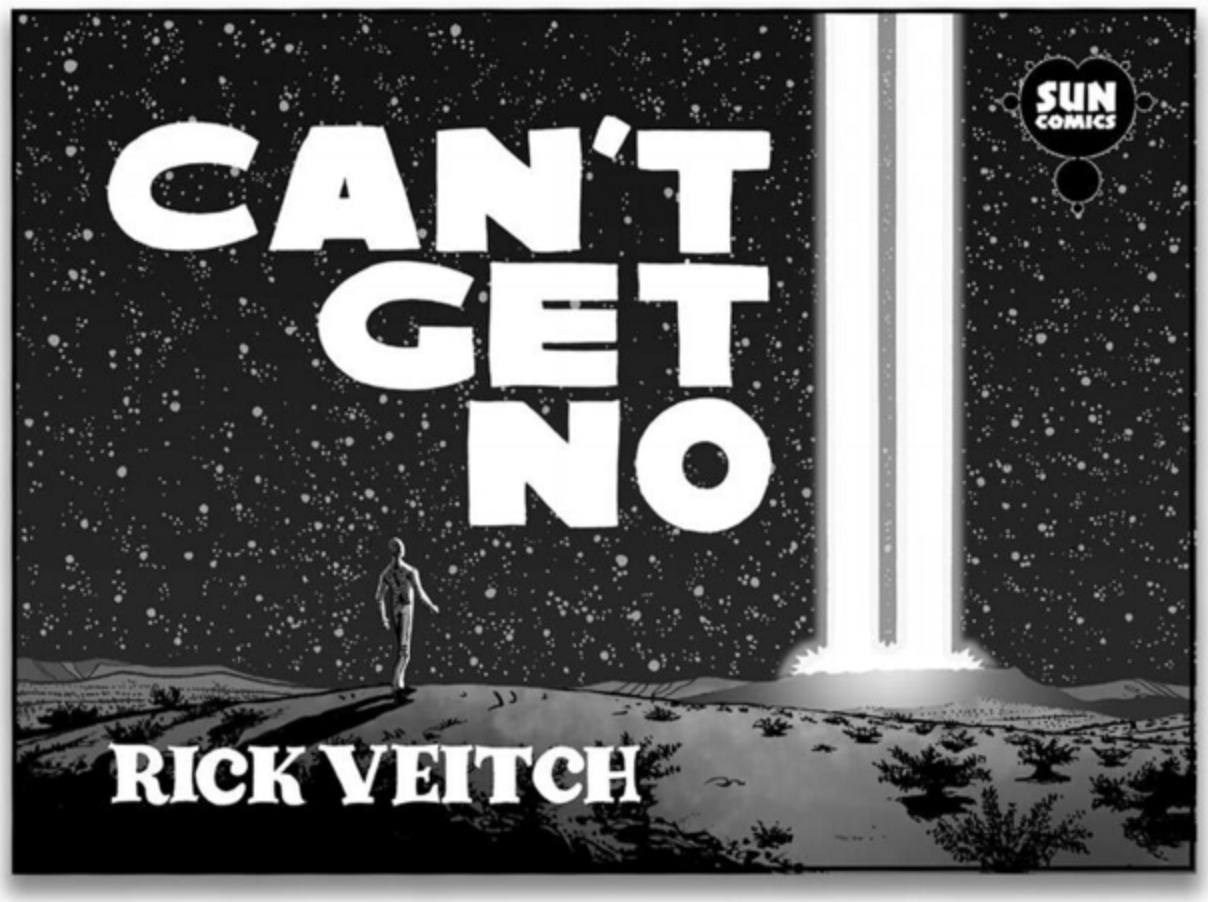
THE NOVEL FORCES US TO THINK ABOUT HOW WE MAKE SENSE OF LIVED EXPERIENCE AND HOW WE PROCESS THAT EXPERIENCE BOTH IN VISUAL AND LINGUISTIC TERMS. IT INVITES A NEW METHOD OF PROCESSING TRAUMA AND DISILLUSIONMENT–ONE THAT PUSHES BOUNDARIES EVEN FURTHER THAN ART SPIEGELMAN'S LANDMARK MAUS. CAN'T GET NO IS A BOOK THAT NEEDS TO BE READ.

GUTTERGEEK

NEWLY REMASTERED EDITION AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

SUN COMICS